A BOOK OF

ANCESTORS

AND

ARMS

by

MARY
EMILY
LACY

1932-1936

"Laudemus viros gloriosus, et parentes nostros in generatione sua."

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PREFACE

THE ORIGIN of this little Memoir is as follows: For several years I had taken a lively interest in the history of the families from whom I claimed descent, and had gradually accumulated a large number of notes on subjects relating to them, with a vague idea of turning these notes to account at some future period. Time and opportunity were, however, lacking, and it was not until the autumn of 1932 that this book was at length begun. At the outset it became evident that the notes already collected were of too fragmentary a character to be satisfactorily woven into a consecutive narrative, even when combined with matter drawn from documents in the possession of the writer, and from a *Book of Events* kept by her for over half a century. A large amount of additional information was needed, and this information was to a great extent acquired through diligent research in the Reading Room of the British Museum, and in the Public Libraries of London.

Even so a considerable number of blanks remained, only possible to be filled in by help from without, and this help was most willingly rendered in nearly every instance—when sought—not only by kinsfolk and friends but also by those personally unknown to me.

My grateful thanks are due to my cousins, Mrs. Dacre Lacy and Miss Gertrude Lacy, for the loan of books and papers throwing light on the association of the Lacys of Great Yarmouth with the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, and, later on, with the Island of Guernsey, and to Mrs. Hotham for particulars of the career of her father, Mr. Thomas Robertson, in Australia and elsewhere.

I must also mention that Mrs. Johnstone Smith, a cousin of my grandfather's, and her daughter, were good enough to lend me a "Cherry Tree," a loan which proved of great value more especially with regard to the question of dates, never a strong point with the writer.

The account I give of the earlier ancestors of my mother, on the paternal side, is based on the contents of a small pamphlet, privately printed, called *The History of an Anglo-Indian Family*, by Charles Minchin, edited, with additions, by Sir Malcolm Morris. There is but scanty allusion, in the above-mentioned pamphlet, to the Cherrys of Burghfield, but this omission has been made good, to a great extent, by my aunt, the late Alicia Cherry, who furnished me with a record

compiled by her sister, Ellen Farmer, of the births, deaths and marriages of the large family of which she was, for some years, the sole survivor.

When I turned from the Cherrys of Burghfield to our Scottish forebears, I was at once faced by the fact that I knew hardly anything of the connection between the two cadet families of Cuilchenna and Callart, from whom my mother was descended, and the main stem of Cameron of Lochiel. For help in this direction I have to express my gratitude to Mr. D. M. Scobie, and to Mr. Alastair Cameron, who, in response to a letter inserted in the *Oban Times*, wrote to me and gave me the information I desired. I must also acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Angus Cameron of Onich, Inverness-shire, the village near to the house where my great-grandfather was born, who has been at pains to discover the territory owned by his progenitors, and by those of his wife, on the borders of what is now the Caledonian Canal. For the history of our immediate relatives, as I have said further on, I have chiefly depended on a note-book, lent me by my kinsman, Colonel James Cameron.

I also wish to thank my friend, Miss Elsie Brooks (the Grilla) for advice and encouragement during the later stages of the making of this my book.

In conclusion, I am bound to confess that although I have endeavoured to be as accurate as possible whenever I set pen to paper during the carrying out of the pleasant task I have had so long in hand, yet in certain rare cases, where the feelings of the living or the honour of the dead called for silence, I have thought well to bear in mind the advice of the Quaker to his son: "Thee must always tell the truth, but thee needest not always tell the whole truth!"

To

A L A S T A I R

who, on 29th November, in the year 1928,
made me a Great-Aunt!

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

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INTRODUCTION

The name "Lacy" is undoubtedly derived from the little town of Lassy, in the department of Calvados, Normandy, on the road from Vire to Anvray. There is little to record of the family who dwelt there until certain members of the House come suddenly into prominence in connection with the Norman Conquest of England. They were owners of small estates, not only in the neighbourhood of Lassy, but also in other parts of the Duchy, and of little importance except locally. Once across the Channel, however, they became rich and powerful nobles, the counsellors and friends of kings, and, occasionally, their very dangerous enemies!

It is impossible to say how many of these Lacys played a part in the Great Adventure of the Eleventh Century, but the French Chroniclers are agreed that four at least may be safely numbered among the "Companions of the Conqueror." Accordingly their names—Gautier (Walter), Ilbert, Hugues and Rogier—with those of many others, gentle and simple, have been in recent times inscribed on the west wall of the Church of Dives, the port, now inland, where William assembled the fleet that transported his army to the shores of England.

It is certain that the first two named, Walter and Ilbert, actually took part in the battle of Senlac. They were sons of Hugh de Laci et de Campeaux, who died before 1069, and probably half brothers, the mother of Ilbert being Emma, daughter of Ilbert le Marechal de Normandie. After the death of her husband she became a nun in the Convent of St. Amand de Rouen, and, later on, Abbess of the same convent. Of the first wife of Hugh, the mother of Walter, no record remains. It is evident from the rewards the Conqueror showered upon them shortly after their arrival in this country, that both brothers were in high favour with him. They may have distinguished themselves at Senlac, although no special deed of valour is ascribed to either of them, or they may have previously rendered him faithful service during those stormy years when he was striving to hold his position as Duke of Normandy, in spite of the efforts of disaffected nobles, and the open enmity of the King of France.

As William had had, in the past, good cause to fear his vassals, we find that, although he was generous to those who had aided him to secure the throne of England, he sought, in the majority of cases, to minimise the risk of rebellion by

bestowing on them Manors in different parts of the country, sometimes several days' journey apart. The outlying portions of his dominions required, however, exceptional treatment, as they were so far from the seat of government. Accordingly he found it needful to choose representatives who could be trusted, not only to maintain his authority, but also to defend the borders from the inroads of the Scots and Welsh, and Walter and Ilbert de Laci were among those preferred to this high office. To them were assigned large tracts of land which, when the native owners had been expelled, could be merged in one vast estate, for which they were responsible to the King alone.

The ancestor, according to tradition, of the Lacys of Great Yarmouth, was Ilbert, Lord of Pontefract, the younger son of Hugh de Laci. Unfortunately there is nothing in the way of direct evidence to prove the fact. At the same time a certain resemblance does undoubtedly exist between the older form of our own Coat of Arms: "Quarterly argent and sable, on a bend gules, three martlets (swallows) or, and a label ermine" and the earliest coat of Ilbert's descendants, "Quarterly gules and or, a baston sable, and a label argent."

Be this as it may, the Lacys of Pontefract, after attaining, in the person of Henri de Laci, Earl of Lincoln and Protector of the Realm, to the highest office in the State, short of kingship, died out as far as the main stem is concerned in the middle of the fourteenth century. It is, however, quite within the bounds of possibility that our progenitors may have belonged to one of the numerous cadet families of the famous Norman House.

PART I

THE LACYS OF GREAT YARMOUTH

"'Tis opportune to look back on old times and contemplate our Forefathers."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

THE LACYS OF GREAT YARMOUTH

The earliest of our immediate ancestors of whom anything is known is a certain Richard Lacy who, in all probability, lived at Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, and is believed to have been the owner of ships. His wife was named Hester.

It is from their son, Samuel Lacy (born 6th April, 1690), that we are descended. His name occurs in the register of the Church of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, under the heading of Baptisms. He was the first of his family to come North, but there is no record of the circumstances that impelled him to leave Norfolk and settle at Tynemouth in Northumberland. He married Ann (born 1705), second daughter of the Reverend Ralph Clarke, Vicar of Long Benton, a village near Newcastle, who brought property at Monkseaton to her husband. In the year 1735 he bought lands in the Township of Preston, and in his will, dated 1759, left these lands in trust for his wife, with remainder to his son, Richard. The greater part of the estate he had acquired, while dwelling either at Tynemouth or in the neighbourhood, lay on "Shire Moor," a tract of recently reclaimed country extending from Murton and Earsdown westward across Long Benton in the direction of North Gosforth. Peculiar conditions attached to holdings on this moor, and a curious ceremony took place every year with a view to ascertaining that these conditions were observed. On St. Mark's Day, April 25th, the "Baliff of Tynemouthshire," accompanied by several of the copyholders, of whom Samuel Lacy was one, "rode the bounders"—boundaries—and saw for themselves that hedges were kept in order, and that cattle from the Township of Long Benton were given no opportunity for trespass. It is a rather curious fact that, in spite of his evident attachment to the home of his adoption, he retained a house, "No. 43, Row 115," in Great Yarmouth, until his death, which house, two years later, was sold, presumably by order of Richard Lacy.

He is buried under an altar-tomb in the graveyard of Tynemouth Priory, an old Benedictine foundation situated on a headland on the North bank of the Tyne entrance. My sister Emily and I made a pious pilgrimage to this graveyard in very cold weather on 24th October, 1927, and thought the resting place of Samuel Lacy and his near kindred was terribly bleak and wind-swept!

Strangely enough a copy of a letter written by a fourteenth century inmate of the old Priory has survived, and as his painful

experience confirms our own passing impression, a passage from it seems worth quoting. He says: "Our house is confined to the top of a high rock and is surrounded by the sea on every side but one. Day and night the waves break and roar and undermine the cliff. Spring and summer never come here." The graves of our people lie between the ruins of the Choir of the Church of the Priory and the North Sea, not far from the edge of the cliff.

The inscription on Samuel Lacy's tomb is as follows: "The burial place of Samuel Lacy of Great Yarmouth, master and mariner, who died October 6th, 1762, aged 71 years. He married Ann, the daughter of the Reverend Mr. Ralph Clarke, Vicar of Long Benton, who had issue eighteen children, sixteen died young. Ann, the wife of the above-named, who died 6th December, 1765, aged 60 years."

(The father and mother of Ann Lacy and two of their children are buried hard by.)

Richard Lacy (born 1744), our great-grandfather, was one of the two children of Samuel and Ann Lacy who survived infancy. He married Dorothy (born 1741) daughter of Joseph Dacre of Kirklinton Hall, Cumberland, in the year 1765, and settled his lands at Tynemouth on her. In this deed of settlement he is described as "of North Shields," and in the register of the marriage as "of the parish of Tinmouth in the county of Northumberland, Esquire." It is evident that in her maiden days his bride had taken a lively interest in the affairs of her native place, for her signature frequently appears in the register of Kirklinton Church, as a witness to the marriage of several poor folk. When her own turn came the parson, evidently out of respect for the daughter of the Squire of the Parish, wrote the entry of her marriage in a larger hand than was customary. After their wedding Richard and his wife set up house in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle on Tyne, where he must have become a personage of no little importance; for, two years later, when only twenty-three years of age, he was elected a Sheriff of the City. A bell and some altar plate, in the Church of St. Ann, bear his name, by right of office.

On his tomb, near that of his father in the Priory graveyard at Tynemouth, is the following inscription:

"The burial place of Richard Lacy Esquire of Newcastle, who married Dorothy, third daughter of Joseph Dacre of Kirklinton, in the county of Cumberland. Richard Lacy died March 18th, 1778, aged thirty-four years. Joseph Dacre Lacy, his second son, died May 25th, 1772, aged five."

The memory of Dorothy Dacre has never been in danger of eclipse in our branch of the family as so many of her descendants have borne her historic maiden name as a prefix to their own. She undoubtedly came of stock that had been settled in Cumberland ever since the thirteenth century, a certain Rainulph de Dacre having been granted a Charter by Edward I. Her direct progenitor was Sir Thomas Dacre (flourished 1559), a son of Thomas, Lord Dacre of the North, who, unfortunately, by force of circumstances over which he had no control, was compelled to add to his 'scutcheon a "bar of difference," or bend sinister! It is remarkable that her claim to the name of Dacre was only derived from the "spindle" side of the house, for her great-grandfather was Joseph Appleby of Kirklinton, who married an earlier Dorothy, daughter of Henry Dacre of Lanercost, a village about eleven miles from Carlisle, famous for the beautiful ruins of the Priory, once belonging to the Austin Canons, granted after the Dissolution to her ancestor, Sir Thomas Dacre. Her father, already Joseph Dacre, rather unwillingly, it is said, relinquished the name of Appleby when he became heir to his grandmother's brother, James Dacre of Castleacres.

According to a well-known tradition the Dacres were so called because a gallant ancestor distinguished himself at the siege of Acre. Unfortunately there is no record in contemporary chronicles of any such exploit, and Dacre had been an English place-name at a much earlier date than that of the Crusades. The village of Dacre, for example, near Penrith, is mentioned by the Venerable Bede, four centuries before the town of Acre surrendered to Cœur-de-Lion. Nor do the escallops or cockle-shells that figure in the Dacre coat of arms imply, necessarily, any association, warlike or otherwise, with the Holy Land. Rather were they more often borne by the pilgrim who had adventured no farther than to Compostella, the shrine of "Santiago," St. James, the patron saint of Spain. Nevertheless there may be some vestige of truth in this delightful legend, and it evidently had impressed itself on the mind of that great lover of romance, Sir Walter Scott, for, in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, he speaks of

"Lord Dacre's Billmen . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Arrayed beneath the banner tall
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall."

Dorothy's mother was Catherine, daughter of Sir George Fleming, Bishop of Carlisle, son of Sir Daniel Fleming of

Rydale, Westmorland, second baronet of Rydale. He was appointed to the See of Carlisle in 1734. When the Young Pretender entered the city in November 1745 he installed Thomas Coppock as Bishop in the place of Sir George, probably because the latter had accompanied the Sheriff when he went to oppose the rebels.

A very charming story, substantially true, though some of the details have been questioned, is connected with the entrance of Charles Edward's troops into Carlisle. A detachment of Highlanders, "under a chieftain of rank," went to Rose Castle, the episcopal palace, and demanded admission, possibly with a view to pillage. The door-keeper pleaded that a daughter of the Bishop had just given birth to a child, and that the alarm caused by the entry of a large body of men was calculated to do her harm. The chieftain, with unexpected courtesy, at once responded to this appeal. "God forbid," said he, "that I or mine should be the means of adding to a lady's inconvenience at such a time. May I see the infant?" The child, a little girl, was brought to him, and the Highlander, taking the white cockade out of his bonnet, pinned it to her breast, saying: "That will be a token to any of our people who come hither that Donald M'Donald of Kinlock-Moidart has taken the family of Rose Castle under his protection."

The babe, Rosemary, a younger sister of Dorothy Dacre, lived to grow up, and, in due course of time, married Sir John Clerk of Penycuick. Sir Walter Scott, who as a boy knew Lady Clerk well, relates that she still wore the cockade that was pinned on her breast with a white rose as a kindred decoration on certain occasions.

Sir George Fleming died in 1747, in his 81st year, and was buried at the east end of the south aisle of his cathedral. His epitaph, written in the pompous style of the day, credits him with many virtues, probably justly, and declares, doubtless with truth, that "his equanimity amidst all events and occasions had its reward in a cheerful life, serene old age and a composed death." His wife, Caroline, a daughter of Robert Jefferson, rests near him.

The "relict" of Richard Lacy, as Dorothy is termed in eighteenth-century parlance, remained a widow for several years and then, "before 1794," married an elderly kinsman of her own, Timothy Fetherstonhaugh of The College, Kirkoswald, High Sheriff of Cumberland. She thus returned, in later life, to the county where she had spent her early days; for a brief period; to a house, part of an old monastery, that

had formerly been in the possession of the Dacre family. Timothy Fetherstonhaugh died in the year 1797. I shall have occasion to speak of her at greater length a little further on.

The children of Richard and Dorothy Lacy, who survived their father, were Samuel, Catherine Dacre, Anne, Ralph, Richard and a second Joseph Dacre, my grandfather, born four years after the death of his namesake.

Samuel Lacy, pleasantly called by his relatives "Wicked Sam," was born (1766) in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. For some unexplained reason, about the year 1790, he left Northumberland and went to Kirkoswald, where he bought a house from Timothy Smallwood, nephew and heir of his future stepfather, Timothy Fetherstonhaugh, called Salkeld Lodge or Salkeld Hall. This house he altered and modernised, and there he resided until 1836, when he sold it. He had previously purchased an estate in the parish of Great Salkeld, on which he bestowed the name of Eden Lacy. On this estate he built a house and moved into it as soon as it was fit for habitation. He was evidently anxious to sever his connection with the county of his birth as he gradually parted with all the lands, in and about Tynemouth, that he had inherited from his grandparents. He also, as was most natural, relinquished the commission he had held for some years in the Northumberland Militia and accepted another in that of Cumberland.

The distinguishing feature of Eden Lacy was the presence of one of the most remarkable prehistoric monuments to be found in Cumberland, or indeed England, a circle of unhewn stones known as "Long Meg and her daughters." The poet Wordsworth describes in a sonnet the impression made on him when coming unexpectedly on this strange circle:

> "A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
> Fell suddenly upon my spirit cast
> From the dread bosom of the unknown past
> When first I saw that family forlorn."

A curious tradition concerning "Long Meg" is told by a "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," Sullivan by name, who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, published a book called *Cumberland and Westmoreland Ancient and Modern.* "The late Colonel Lacy," he relates, "it is said, conceived the idea of removing 'Long Meg and her daughters' by blasting. Whilst the work was being proceeded with under his orders the sleeping powers of Druidism rose in arms against this

violation of their sanctuary, and such a storm of thunder and lightning and such heavy rain and hail ensued as the fellsides never before witnessed. The labourers fled for their lives, vowing never more to meddle with 'Long Meg.'"

This legend is of interest as showing the feeling of superstitious reverence that had gathered round this ancient relic, but it seems quite impossible that Samuel Lacy would have risked outraging public opinion in this matter, more especially when we remember that "Long Meg" served as an excuse for the changes he made in the Arms of our house. The "acorns" he added to the Coat, the symbolic Crest and Motto, each and all bear witness to the value he attached to such a unique possession, which he associated wrongly, as is believed at the present day, with the Druidical priests, who, clad in white robes, gathered under the oak-tree for the ceremonial cutting of the mistletoe!

The Coat of Arms borne by Samuel Lacy's forebears, "Quarterly argent and sable, on a bend gules, three martlets or, and a label ermine," had at least the merit of some slight antiquity, as it had been confirmed by Sir Gilbert Dethick, Knt' als' Garter, to Thomas, John and William Lacye, of Spilman's Hall in County Suffolk, in the sixteenth century. It appears on the tombs of his father and grandfather, Samuel and Richard Lacy, in the burial ground of Tynemouth Priory, impaled in the first instance with those of Clarke, and in the second with those of Appleby and Dacre. The possession of a common Coat of Arms would seem to imply some connection between these two families of the same name, both dwelling in East Anglia, but no such connection has ever been traced, and any attempt to do so at the present day would probably involve extensive researches. It is noticeable that when Samuel made his application to Heralds' Office there is nothing to show that he was even aware of the existence of the Lacyes of Spilman's Hall, as he merely stated that he and his ancestors had used Armorial Bearings, and that the same had not been recorded at the College of Arms.

In the year 1802, after the issue of Letters Patent, his name occurs in the Grant Books of the College as one of the Grantees of Arms. The new Coat is as follows: "Quarterly ermine and sable, the latter charged with an acorn or, on a bend of gules, three martlets or"; the label is omitted. The Crest, given by Sir Gilbert Dethick, at the time of the confirmation of the older Coat: "In a ducal coronet gules a demi lion displayed or, in the beak an arrow of the first, barbed and flighted

argent" is superseded by another: "An arm mailed, embowed, the hand holding a branch of mistletoe." The Motto, doubtless evolved by the applicant himself, is "Non in Visco fides, sed in Deo," "Not in Mistletoe, but in God is my trust."

The reasons, such as they were, for these important alterations are contained in a letter written by the said Samuel to his youngest brother, my grandfather, Joseph Dacre Lacy, on 18th March in the same year. He says, speaking from the point of view of the head of the House: "I shall seal this letter with the Arms that in future will distinguish our particular family from any other of the name, the Arms are described in the Heralds' Office. You will see the alteration I have made upon the old Coat (our). Two Golden Acorns on the Sable Quarters of the shield, and instead of Argent have changed the other quarters into Ermine. The Crest is intended to represent the same arm holding a branch of the Mistletoe, instead of an Arrow, as somebody else has claimed the Arrow before me. The Crest I have taken from my being in possession of Long Meg, and wishing the family ever to remain in Cumberland."

An entry in the *Gentleman's Magazine* gives the date (1794) of Samuel Lacy's marriage, and indicates the status of his wife. "At Hull ——— Lacy, Esquire, captain in the Northumberland Militia, to Miss Thompson (Caroline) daughter of Benjamine Blaydes, Esquire." I have not been able to discover the year of his death, but as he added a codicil to his singular and unconventional will in the August of 1846 he must have lived to a ripe old age. He and his wife had two sons, Samuel Walter, who married E. Shand, and left no children, and Richard (born 1796, died 1883). The beautiful Bookplate, belonging to the latter, engraved by Bewick, shows his Arms in the altered form as first used by his father, charged on an oval shield, resting against the stump of an oak tree, another suggestion of Druidical influence! He married Eliza Barker in the year 1821, and had three children, a son and two daughters. The son, Augustus Dacre, was in possession of all the family documents, and after he died they were sent to his son, who was in Australia and has since been lost sight of. The elder daughter, Gertrude, married —— Thompson, and it is to her son, James, that we are indebted for much that we know of the history of our immediate ancestors. His father bought Eden Lacy from a certain Colonel Sanderson; I understand it has passed lately into other hands. The younger daughter, Georgina, died unmarried.

There is no need for any but a passing reference to the four children of Richard and Dorothy Lacy, who came next in order to "Wicked Sam." The daughters lived for some years with their mother, after her second widowhood. Catherine Dacre married, probably after her death, the Reverend William Stewart, and died childless. Ann, Ralph and Richard remained unmarried. With the youngest of the family, my grandfather, a return is made to the direct line of descent.

Joseph Dacre Lacy (born 1776, died 1854) entered the Army, and served in the 56th Regiment of Foot, "the Pompadours." During the Napoleonic Wars, he took part in the disastrous Helder Expedition, in which the English co-operated with the Russians in an attempt to rescue Holland from the hands of the French, being present at the first attack on Bergen, 19th September, 1799, and at one at least of the subsequent engagements. Later on he was sent to Guernsey by the military authorities, possibly to act as assistant to Lieutenant-General Sir John Doyle, who, on the renewal of hostilities between Great Britain and France, in the year 1803, had been entrusted with the task of placing the Island in a complete state of defence.

About the close of 1806 he became engaged to be married to Susan, called "Sukie" for short, daughter of Henry Brock of Guernsey, and Susannah, half-sister to the first Lord de Saumarez. The father of the latter, Mathew Saumarez, Colonel of the Guernsey Militia, married twice, Susannah's mother being a daughter of Thomas Dumaresque of Jersey. It is in connection with this event that, owing to the fortunate survival of some letters, Dorothy Fetherstonhaugh first emerges from comparative obscurity and shows herself the possessor of a very lovable personality. Soon after the great news had reached her, she writes from Penrith, where she had made her home for at least five years, to wish her "dear Dacre," as my grandfather was invariably called, "all the happiness he so highly merits." She assures him that she and his sisters will do all they "possibly can to make it"—Susan's entrance into the family—" agreeable to her," and sends remembrances to the bride-elect "who we are prepared to love in the most affectionate manner."

Her daughter Catherine copies on the same sheet a letter from the then Duke of Northumberland, doubtless a personal friend of Dorothy—though, with the formalism of the day, he addresses her as "Madam"—whose good offices she had invoked on behalf of her youngest son, who wished to leave

his regiment and be placed "on the Staff." The reason for this is evident; my grandfather was aware that the 56th was about to proceed to India, and faced as he was by a new responsibility—his marriage—he was anxious to remain at home. The Duke had applied to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, the Duke of York, a second son of George III, and had received a favourable response from him. "Dear Dacre's" commanding officer had furnished a most satisfactory report of his character and fitness for a staff appointment, and there was no doubt that Captain Lacy would be granted his desire "whenever an opportunity offered," an answer that filled his mother's heart with joy. Shortly afterwards he was troubled by the question as to whether, by leaving the 56th Regiment, he would delay his majority, but this difficulty was, by the help of Dorothy's "friend at court," also overcome, for a letter of the Duke of Northumberland, dated a few months later, is addressed to him as "Brigade-Major Lacy."

"Happy the wooing that's not long a-doing," and we know from a letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Keeting, the commanding officer of the 56th, written on 21st April, 1807, that my grandfather was already a married man. The object of this letter is to convey to his subordinate his regret that not only the regiment was being deprived of his services but he himself of "an officer in whom he had always placed the greatest confidence," and he concludes by saying that if Captain Lacy had been going out to India he would have given up his "Cabbin" to Mrs. Lacy (Susan) and have done everything in his power to make the passage pleasant for her.

This marriage was of considerable importance as it marks the first association of our forebears, on the Lacy side, with the beautiful little island that once formed part of the Duchy of Normandy, and where, even to this day, Norman-French is spoken, Norman customs are observed and Norman laws are still enforced. The connection of the Brock family with Guernsey only dates from the sixteenth century, but that of the house of Saumarez is of far greater antiquity in the island, for a remote ancestor of "Sukie," on her mother's side, did homage to Henry, Tenth Duke of Normandy, afterwards King Henry II of England, for the fief of Jerbourg—the possession of this fief being confined to his descendant, Matthieu de Saumarez, by Edward I in the year 1298. Her uncle, Sir James Saumarez, afterwards Lord de Saumarez, was certainly the most distinguished of the many sons of old "Sarnia," as the Romans called our island, who fought for the mother

country by sea or land. In the June of 1794 he was cruising in the Channel, in the frigate *Crescent*, accompanied by two other ships, the *Druid* and the *Eurydice*, when off the island of Jersey he fell in with a French fleet. Becoming aware of the vast superiority of the enemy he at once made for Guernsey, saving his consorts by a bold and skilful manoeuvre at great risk to his own vessel. The capture of the *Crescent* seemed inevitable, but happily an experienced king's pilot named Jean Breton, well acquainted with all the rocks and currents of that dangerous coast, was on board, and he brought her in safety into the Guernsey Roads, passing on his way thither within sight of the home of the intrepid Saumarez and that of himself. Sir James was Nelson's senior captain at the battle of the Nile, but his chief exploit was a brilliant victory over a squadron of French and Spanish ships in the July of 1801. This exploit was the more wonderful as it followed within six days of the battle of Algeciras, when the English were outnumbered and his fleet sustained a defeat. Lord Nelson, seconding a vote of thanks to him in the House of Lords—proposed by Earl St. Vincent, First Lord of the Admiralty—said: "The promptness with which he refitted, the spirit with which he attacked a superior force, after his recent disaster, and the masterly conduct of the action, I do not think have ever been surpassed."

Lord de Saumarez died in the year 1836, and was buried in the churchyard of the Catel parish. By his will he bequeathed the sum of £100 (in the case of his godchildren £200) to about one hundred and twenty legatees, chiefly descendants or connections by marriage. A fine portrait of him hangs in the Painted Hall of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

From the year 1809 it seems certain that my grandfather resided permanently in Guernsey; his eldest son was christened there, his younger sons were born there. By so doing he must, to a great extent, have cut himself off from his own kindred, travel, in the early years of the nineteenth century, being a much more difficult and dangerous matter than it has since become. It was not until 1824 that the "sailing packets" between the Island and Weymouth gave way to a regular service of steamships, and the fine harbour of St. Peter Port was not completed until some years after his death, passengers being compelled, in certain states of the tide, to land in small boats "on the rocks," a process attended by considerable discomfort, and even by some slight risk. It is hardly wonderful that, as has been said, the older folk of Guernsey were in the habit of making their wills before entrusting themselves to the

mercies of the Channel, and that not a few of them had never attempted the crossing to England at all!

A passing glimpse of Dorothy Fetherstonhaugh and the young couple in Guernsey, showing the pleasant relations that existed between them, is contained in a letter sent by the former to her dear Dacre and dear Susan in the early spring of 1817. It is written in a very shaky hand, for she had been ill with cold and fever for several weeks, and was making a slow recovery. She had been devotedly nursed by her daughter Ann; Catherine had been able to give little help during the illness as she was too deaf to hear the invalid. Dacre and Susan had then been married for ten years and four children had been born to them, in whom their grandmother takes the greatest interest. They had all had the "hooping cough" and she rejoices to hear they are well again. Her eldest grandchild and godchild, Henry, had written to her and she is much pleased with his writing. She shows her consideration for her daughter-in-law by telling her on no account to write "as her hands must be so full with the children."

It is evident that money was not plentiful with Major and Mrs. Lacy as they were considering whether, when their "time was out" for the house they were then living in, they would not go to France, with a view to economy. Dorothy is of the opinion they would gain nothing from the move, and that they would find it cheaper to remain in Guernsey. In all probability they did not venture on the Continent. In any case their stay there must have been of short duration.

No further tidings have come down to us of Dorothy, and it seems likely that her life was drawing to a close. A year earlier she had made her will, and a copy of it lies before me. It is a very "human document" and undoubtedly the work of an amateur, for not only is it almost wholly devoid of legal phraseology, but also of coherence. She starts with the usual prefix of her generation: "In the Name of God, Amen," and then goes on to describe herself as of "sound perfect and disposing mind memory and understanding." She leaves to her "two dear daughters, Catherine Dacre Lacy and Ann Lacy," all her money and personalities, with the exception of those of the latter that she leaves to her "four sons or near relatives." A small portion of plate is to be divided between the sons: the eldest, Samuel, having in addition her gold watch and silver-gilt snuff-box, the youngest "dear Joseph Dacre Lacy" only receiving "one small silver waiter"! Her surviving sisters and her brother-in-law, Edward Anderson, are all remembered.

Then comes a long list of specific gifts; plate, pictures, trinkets and books to the daughters, on whom she has already bestowed all her goods, with the afore-mentioned exceptions, and finally she appoints her son Samuel as her residuary legatee, although surely any advantage he might derive from that privilege belonged of right to his sisters. The fact that she was seventy-five years of age may, perhaps, account for the want of logic displayed in her will, her affectionate disposition remaining unchanged. Among the more curious bequests are a "silver bottle ticket," a sedan chair and a gold locket representing herself and children weeping over her "much loved husband's urn, Mr. Lacy." One wonders what was the little book "kept in her drawer" that she left Ann. It may have been of a devotional character, as it follows a bequest of volumes of sermons. Possibly it was a MS., a collection of prayers or poetry compiled by herself.

Finally Dorothy makes arrangements for the payment of debts, presents to maids, and for her funeral, which latter she "*particularly* desires may be most private," and expresses a wish "to be buried by my dear husband Mr. Fetherstonhaugh." (The latter had been interred under the altar of Kirkoswald Church.)

Apparently the latter years of my grandfather's life were almost wholly devoid of incidents of any importance. In 1823 he was appointed to serve on a committee to ascertain whether the endowment of Elizabeth College (Guernsey) would admit of improvement. In the register of the same College, a most useful work of reference, and in his obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he is described as "Colonel Joseph D'Acre Lacy, 2nd Garrison Battalion" (of Guernsey?). At a date, to me unknown, he bought a house called York Place, where he lived until his death in 1854. Susan Lacy died about the year 1862. She and her husband were buried in the Candie Cemetery in Guernsey. Seven children were born of the marriage: four sons and three daughters, Henry Dacre, Mary Dacre, Marian Dorothy, Thomas Saumarez, Edward, Susan Anne, and Richard.

The little we know of Henry D'Acre Lacy (born 1807), the eldest of the family, is almost entirely derived from two entries, the first in the *Liber Baptizatorum* of the parish of St. Pierre-du-Bois, Guernsey, the second in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The first of these is as follows:

> "Henry Dacre, son of Joseph Dacre Lacy, Esq., and of Mrs. Susan Brock, his wife, was baptized in January 1808, in the Parish of St. Michael's,

Winchester, and christened (or received into the congregation of Christ's flock;) the child having been only privately baptized; the 28th of September 1809, in the church of this parish. Matthew Brock and Ralph Lacy, Esqrs., godfathers. Mrs. Dorothy Featherstonhaugh, godmother.

"(Signed) THOMAS BROCK, Recteur."

The second entry is of the briefest, but it indicates not a single death but a much wider reaching tragedy:

"July 2nd, 1841, at Kernaul, Captain Henry D'Acre Lacy, of Her Majesty's 3rd Buffs."

Henry D'Acre had married during the time he was quartered in India, and he and his wife Eliza, née Griffin, believed to have been of Eurasian descent, and their children, Frances and D'Acre, were all suddenly swept away by an epidemic in the East Indies.

Mary Dacre Lacy (born 1811, died 1861) was the eldest daughter of Joseph Dacre and Susan Lacy. A strong attachment existed between her and my father, Edward Lacy. In a letter written by him to his brother Richard, on his return to Guernsey after she had passed away, he says: "What a vacancy her death has created here to me; it is irreparable, she was the greatest tie I had to life, and I feel that her loss must be a life long sorrow." She married Samuel Joseph Whitchurch and left two daughters, Amy Gertrude and Mary. Amy died unmarried, while staying with her aunt, Lady Gull, near Pitlochry, in the Perth Highlands. Mary Whitchurch became the second wife of Osmond de Lancey Priaulx, formerly a captain in the 94th Regiment, who settled in Guernsey, and was Constable of St. Peter Port and Director of Elizabeth College. He died in 1889. They had three children, George, killed in the Great War, Frank, and Daphne. The latter married Captain Bertram Stewart, a conspicuous figure in the Intelligence Section of the British Expeditionary Force. Previous to the breaking out of hostilities he spent some weeks in prison in Germany, on a charge of acting as an English spy. He was released by clemency of the Kaiser a few months before the war began, and did fine work for his country before he lost his life on the Marne. It seems certain that through the transmission by wireless of a wrong order to German Headquarters during the critical days of the Retreat from Mons, in August 1914, he averted what would have been a most serious disaster.

Mary Priaulx died so soon after the death of her elder son (1918) that she was never conscious of his passing.

Marian Dorothy Lacy (Dora) (born 1813, died 1887) remained unmarried. She was greatly afflicted with deafness. She spent practically her whole life in Guernsey, in her later days living in a little house belonging to her brother, Thomas Saumarez Lacy, close to Saumarez Lodge. She was a great student of the Bible, and learnt Greek for the purpose of reading the New Testament in the original language.

Thomas Saumarez Lacy (Tom) (born 1816, died 1884), the second son, was born in Guernsey and was educated at Elizabeth College, 1824-32. He studied medicine at Guy's Hospital, London, and joined the H.E.I.C.S. Medical Service in 1842. He served with the 30th Bengal I.N.I. throughout the Punjaub Campaign, receiving medal and clasp. Afterwards he was stationed at Mussoorie, 1852-4, and then at Agra, as Garrison Surgeon, being shut up in Agra for eight months during the Mutiny. In 1860 he was promoted and became a Surgeon-Major, and in 1866 he retired from the service with the rank of Deputy Inspector of Hospitals. After his retirement he returned to his birthplace and bought "Saumarez Lodge," a charming house with a beautiful view of the sea and St. Peter Port, a house, it is believed, he had desired for himself when a mere lad. There he made his home for the rest of his life, occupying himself with a private practice and the growing of fruit and vegetables for the English market. He was Director of Elizabeth College from 1870 to 1875. I may add that I spent a very happy month with him and "Aunt Julia" in Guernsey when I was sixteen years of age.

Thomas Saumarez Lacy married four times; his first wife being Isabel, daughter of Thomas R. Cracroft of West Keal Hall, Lincolnshire, a niece of Sir John Franklin, the well-known Arctic explorer, who died in 1844. His second wife was Sophia Augusta de Lisle Dobree of de Beauvoir, Guernsey, and his third Elizabeth Daitken, daughter of the Hon. Alexander Gairdner of Tobago. Lastly he married Julia de Lacy, daughter of Henry Lloyd Routh, widow of Lieutenant James Saumarez Mann of the Royal Navy, who died in 1852. For several years after the death of her second husband she lived at Bromley, Kent, with the only child of her first marriage, another James Saumarez Mann. She died in 1907. By his first wife he had two daughters, Florence, who died young, and Laura Gertrude, who married Saumarez Le Coq, a coffee planter, went out with him to Ceylon and died in a few months (1880), childless. By his third wife he had two sons, Saumarez Dacre and Alexander Gairdner.

Saumarez Dacre Lacy (born 1852, died 1932). Born in India, was educated at Elizabeth College, 1864-5. He entered the Royal Navy in 1866, became a Sub-Lieutenant in 1872, Lieutenant 1876, Commander 1891. He was Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Ready* during the Egyptian War of 1883, and was present at the taking of the Suez Canal, receiving the Egyptian Medal and Khedive's Star. He was then appointed Inspecting Commander on the Coastguard, Carrickfergus, 1896. After his retirement he lived at Saumarez Lodge, and afterwards at Bagshot. He married Etta, daughter of Colonel Bell of Guernsey (died 1887), and afterwards Meta Josephine Henry. By the latter he had two sons, Alexander Dacre and Richard Saumarez.

Alexander Dacre Lacy (born 1894 at Weymouth). Received his early education (1) from Mademoiselle Amaron at Lausanne; (2) at Eagle House, Sandhurst, Berks.

Entered the Royal Navy, and passed through the R.N. Colleges of Osborne and Dartmouth, becoming a Midshipman in 1911 and joining H.M.S. *Hercules* (flagship of Sir John Jellicoe), and in 1913 H.M.S. *King George V* (flagship of Sir George Warrender). Sub-Lieutenant 1913. Courses at Portsmouth 1913-4.

During the Great War, August 1914, served in H.M.S. *Moy* and *Derwent*, destroyers; 1915, H.M.S. *Lysander*, Harwich Striking Force. Promoted to Lieutenant in 1916 and joined H.M.S. *Unity*, Grand Fleet, and in the same year H.M.S. *Retrieve*, Harwich Striking Force, where he remained till August 1918, when he joined H.M.S. *Excellent* to specialise in gunnery.

In 1919 became one of the junior staff of H.M.S. *Excellent*, 1920 served in H.M.S. *Campbell* as Gunnery Officer, 3rd Destroyer Flotilla, and in 1921 became Gunnery Officer of British Naval Mission to Greece under Admiral Aubrey Smith. Undertook relief work in connection with Greek refugees from Asia Minor. Was present in the Greek Parliament at the trial of the Cabinet for treason, after which all but two were executed. In 1923 he was employed in the Naval Intelligence Division, Admiralty, and then served in H.M.S. *Canterbury*, and the following year in H.M.S. *Cleopatra*, ships belonging to the 2nd Cruiser Squadron, Atlantic Fleet. In 1926 he was appointed Executive Officer of Chatham Gunnery School, where he remained until 1928, when he became 1st and Gunnery Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Barham* (flagship of Sir John Kelly and Rear-Admiral the Hon. P. E. E. Drax). From 1931 to 1932 he was Gunnery Officer, Reserve Fleet, Chatham. Later on he was Staff Officer on board H.M.S. *Durban* and H.M.S. *Exeter*. At

the present time he is on the staff of the Anti-Submarine School at Portland.

In the year 1927 he married Katherine Margaret Anne, daughter of Admiral Sir William Goodenough, K.C.B., M.V.O., and the Hon. Margaret Stanley. They have two daughters, Diana Margaret (born 1928) and Elizabeth Anne Barbara (born 1931).

Richard Saumarez Lacy (born 1895 at Weymouth). Educated at Eagle House and at Bradfield College. On the outbreak of the Great War, August 1914, joined with commission of 2nd Lieutenant, the 1/4 Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, which was drafted out to India, and then to Mesopotamia. Served under General Sir Charles Townshend, and was at the siege of Kut-el-Amara, till when, owing to our relief forces being unable to raise the siege, the British were forced to surrender to the Turks. Trekked with the remains of the British forces to internment camps in Asia Minor at Kedos and Kastamonni, and returned to England at the conclusion of hostilities in 1918.

In 1919 he left for a fruit farm in the Hex River Valley, South Africa, but work in this direction proving unlikely he and two friends moved north, and bought adjacent farms near Obyiwarongo in South West Africa, where he has been ranching ever since.

Alexander Gairdner Lacy (born 1853, died 1927). Born at Mussoorie, India, educated at Elizabeth College, 1864-70. Studied medicine at Guy's Hospital, London, M.R.C.S.Eng., L.S.A. and L.R.C.P.Lond., 1876. Was House Physician at Guy's Hospital and afterwards House Surgeon at the Brighton and Hove Lying-in Hospital. Bought a private practice at Ascot, and lived there for the rest of his life. He was a member of the British Medical Association. He was awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving life at Les Terres, Guernsey.

In 1879 he married Marion Emily (Minnie) (died 1934), daughter of William Brock of Guernsey. There were two children of the marriage, a daughter, Noel, and a son, Thomas Saumarez. The latter received a commission as Lieutenant R.N.V.R. during the Great War, and established a wireless station in the Falkland Islands. He afterwards took up farming in Patagonia. He died, unmarried, in England, in the year 1931.

I have now to tell the story of "mine own people."

Edward Lacy—my father was called Edward after his uncle

by marriage, the husband of Dorothy Dacre's sister Catherine, Edward Anderson, a merchant of Newcastle on Tyne, who was probably his godfather. It seems likely that he also bore his surname, although he never made any use of it, for on the fly-leaf of a Bible, given him by his mother, he is described by her as "Edward Anderson Lacy." He was born on 1st October, 1818, in Guernsey, and received his early education at Elizabeth College, 1830-2.

In the following year he entered the Royal Navy, his first sea-going ship being the *Zebra*, "a 16 gun sloop, brig-rigged," visiting the Australian Station. He was promoted to the rank of Sub-Lieutenant in 1839 and subsequently served as mate in the *Hastings*, *Calcutta* and *Excellent*, and for two years and a half in the *Cormorant*, steam-sloop on the Mediterranean, Home and South American stations. He obtained his commission as Lieutenant in 1845, and was then attached to the *Collingwood*, the flagship in the Pacific of Sir George Francis Seymour. In 1849 he was appointed to the *Daphne*, "an 18 gun sloop, ship-rigged," and went out in her to British Columbia, where he commanded her boats against a tribe of Vancouver Island Indians, who had murdered three English seamen; after a fight of four hours the murderers were surrendered.

As senior lieutenant of the *Furious*, a steam-frigate, my father was in the Black Sea during the whole of the Russian War of 1854-5, and was present at the active operations at Odessa, Sebastopol, Kertch, Eupatoria and Kinburn, for which he received the Crimean and Turkish medals, as well as the clasp for Sebastopol, and the order of the Medjidie, 5th class. He was advanced to the rank of Commander in 1856. Two years later he was in command of the *Adventure*, a steam-store ship, during the China War, taking part in expeditions on the Canton and Peiho rivers and assisting at the storming of Nantow. For these services he obtained the China medal.

On his return home from China he was employed in the Royal Naval Reserve, and was promoted to the rank of Post Captain in 1862. The same year he was appointed to the command of the *Himalaya*, an iron steam troopship, and went out in her to New Zealand. While there he joined his first cousin, Sir Duncan Cameron, the general in command of the English forces, and took part as a volunteer in the battle of Rangeriri. Writing some years later of this engagement, he spoke of it as "a most deadly battle, on which occasion we had fifty men killed and the natives lost many more." One wonders what he would have thought of the wholesale slaughter of the

Great War! For his services he gained the New Zealand medal.

At the close of this commission his health showed signs of breaking down, and, under medical advice, he took two years' sick leave and returned to Guernsey, his birthplace, where he was joined by his wife and children. During this time of enforced leisure he acted as Constable of St. Peter Port.

In 1869 he went abroad for the last time, as Captain of H.M.S. *Endymion*, one of the ships of the "Flying Squadron," under the command of Admiral Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, the primary object of the sending out of this squadron being "the instruction of officers and men in seamanship." Many details of this voyage round the world are contained in a Journal, kept by my father and intended for myself. It supplies particulars of the routine of life at sea as it was in his day, and tells of the enthusiastic welcome the squadron received at the various ports of call, many of which he has already visited on previous voyages. An audience of the Mikado of Japan, at that date a very rare privilege, was perhaps the most striking of the experiences he shared with his brother officers. His active career was now drawing to a close. From 1871 until he was placed on the retired list in 1873 he commanded the *Black Prince* on coastguard service at Greenock on the Clyde.

I may perhaps be forgiven for adding to this brief account of my father's services the verdict passed on him by the late Admiral Moresby, who knew him personally: "He was a fine seaman and an honourable man." He lived at a very interesting period in naval history, for he was an eye-witness of the process that gradually transformed the wooden vessels of Nelson's day, wholly dependent on wind-power, into steel clad steamships of the present time. It is true that the *Comet*, the first ship with steam-propelling machinery to be built for the Royal Navy, was launched in 1822, ten years before he entered the Service, but the Admiralty were slow to realise the tremendous importance of this innovation, and persisted in regarding the new factor as a mere auxiliary to yards and sails, only intended for use in time of need. It was not until the last quarter of the nineteenth century that the more primitive method of progression finally yielded to that of steam.

After my father's retirement, he settled at Blackheath, near London. In 1873 he was awarded a "Good Service Pension." He became a Rear-Admiral Retired in 1878, and a Vice-Admiral Retired in 1884. He died on 21st August, 1886, after an illness of some months' duration, and was buried in Charlton Cemetery.

He married in the year 1862 my mother, Anne Jemima Cherry, of whom I shall speak fully later on. They had four children, one son and three daughters. Mary Emily (the writer of this Memoir) was born on 7th November, 1862, at the Rectory, Burghfield, Berks, where my grandfather, the Rev. Henry Curtis Cherry, was Parish Priest, and baptised in the church of St. Mary's, Burghfield. Ernest Edward was born on 12th April, 1865, at Shaftesbury House, Southsea, and baptised at St. Mary's, Burghfield, "with water from furrin parts," as the old sexton told me some years later—water brought from the Jordan by his aunt, Emily Alicia Bland, who stood godmother for him. Anne Cameron (Annie) was born on 30th April, 1867, at Gore House, Roquettes, Guernsey, and baptised at the church of St. Pierre du Port. Emily Marion was born 13th October, 1869, at 1 Bedford Row, Worthing, Sussex, and baptised at Christchurch, Worthing.

The fact that no two of us were born at the same place is in itself an indication of the wandering life that we—as is usually the case with the children of a naval officer—led until my father retired from active service, my mother, with her little family, joining him whenever it was possible to do so. My earliest recollections are of Guernsey during the two years we spent there while he was on sick leave. Though I was only a small child at the time, I still retain vivid recollections, possibly reinforced by a later experience, of the bays, the waterlanes and the quaint streets of St. Peter Port. My memories of the Town Church, where I was taken on Sunday mornings, are distinctly wearisome, for the service and sermon were both in French, a language of which I did not understand a single word! While in Guernsey we came for the first time in contact with our near relations on the "Lacy" side, Uncle Tom, Aunt Julia and Aunt Dora. An event that, as it happened, was of great importance to us all was the arrival on the scene of "Nurse," Mary Margaret Mauger, a native of the Island, who accompanied us on our travels and spent the rest of her days in our service, passing away in the year 1902.

When my father left Guernsey to join the Flying Squadron, my mother decided to come to England to be near her sisters, and we spent the time of his absence either at Worthing or in the neighbourhood. On his return we went for the winter to Southsea, a gay place for us little folk who, with the exception of my youngest sister, were now of an age to enjoy the constant coming and going of ships in the Solent, the drilling on the common, the playing of the bands, and all the other pleasant

happenings consequent on our nearness to Portsmouth, an important naval and military centre. In the spring we journeyed out, bag and baggage, in a bus, an adventure indeed, to Maple Durham, a farm lying at the foot of Butser Hill, near Petersfield, Hants, where we exchanged the delights of the past few months for the sights and sounds of the quiet countryside.

A great change then lay before us, for that autumn (1871) we went to Greenock and lived in a house commanding a beautiful view of the River Clyde, where the *Black Prince* lay at anchor, except for a short period in the summer months when she departed for a cruise. Not unnaturally the "ship" played an important part in our lives while we were there. We went aboard her at Christmas time to see the men's "messes," we not unfrequently attended Divine Service on Sunday on her main deck, a happy alternative to morning prayer at the Episcopal Church in the town, and occasionally were allowed to go for a row on the river in the captain's gig in the charge of nurse. During the winter evenings my father read to my brother and myself Sir Walter Scott's poems and novels, and we gathered from them some acquaintance with the romantic side of Scottish history. These readings were followed by a visit to Edinburgh, and I well remember the joy with which I saw with my own eyes the "Heart of Midlothian," the supper-room at Holyrood, so terribly associated with the tragedy of Mary Stuart, and the Castle where her son, destined to be in the future King of England, first saw the light.

When my father's command of the *Black Prince* came to an end we crossed the Border and turned south, spending the summer once more at Maple Durham and the subsequent winter at Tunbridge Wells. Finally, our travels over, we landed at Blackheath, near London, the place that was to be "home" to us for the greater part of our lives. It was then a residential neighbourhood, with but few small houses or artisans' dwellings, and surrounded, except on the side of the river, by country of a suburban character.

From 1874 to 1881 we lived in a house in St. John's Park—seven rather monotonous years as it seems to me on looking back, for we girls were educated at home, and had no regular holidays, little change, and few amusements, except those we made for ourselves. According to the Victorian tradition we were all given music lessons as a matter of course, and were obliged to practise regularly on the piano, a sheer waste of time and money in my case, and I think also in that of my

younger sister! The house was almost certainly unhealthy as Annie had typhoid and Emily scarlet fever. My brother's life was of necessity very differently ordered. He was sent to the Blackheath Proprietary School, and joined H.M.S. *Britannia* in 1878.

In the year 1881 my father bought a house in Shooters Hill Road, and we migrated thither from St. John's Park. It was a "handsome villa," as the house agents say, and had a small but pretty garden, but, as time went on and our family party gradually diminished in size, it became a "white elephant," too large and too expensive to live in with any comfort, and we were thankful to be able to part with it in 1916, shortly after my mother's death.

So far, what I have written concerning "mine own people" applies in great degree to my brothers and sisters as well as to myself; therefore it only remains to speak individually of each member of the family in turn.

By right of primogeniture I come first on the list, and it falls on me to supply my special "dossier," an ungracious task which I am not tempted to dwell upon at any length. I had a taste for art, and was permitted, when nearly grown up, to have lessons in drawing, and more especially in design. I also devoured every book I could lay hands on, and took to writing, contributing a considerable number of articles on literary and artistic subjects to the smaller church magazines. An event whose importance can scarcely be overestimated was the accidental meeting, in the autumn of 1889, with Lily, daughter of Admiral Moresby and wife of Captain Hodgkinson, my brother's skipper in H.M.S. *Banterer*. A strong friendship speedily grew up between us, a friendship that was soon extended to her husband and her son, and one that immeasurably widened my outlook on life. It is to her I owe, in a great degree, the publication of my book *With Dante in Modern Florence*, which appeared in 1912, for she not only started me on the study of the *Divina Commedia*, but later on she helped me with suggestions and corrections, and, to crown all, gave me an introduction to John Murray.

In 1915 I was sent away from Blackheath by the doctors, as I was in very bad health. After six months' rest I had sufficiently recovered to be able to superintend the clearing out of the house in Shooters Hill Road before the sale, and to act as one of the executors of my mother's will. Since the breaking up of our home I have spent the greater part of my time in London town, the city that I love. From February 1917 until after the

Armistice I worked at the War Depôt in Cavendish Square—Queen Mary's Needlework Guild—in the slipper room.

I must now speak of my brother, Ernest Edward Lacy. He joined H.M.S. *Britannia*, training ship for naval cadets at Dartmouth, in the July of 1878—H.M. King George V and the late Duke of Clarence being among those who were receiving their training on board her at the same time as himself. He passed out of the *Britannia* in 1880, and went first to sea as a midshipman in H.M.S. *Inconstant*, flagship of the Particular Service Squadron, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam. He was in the watch of Prince Louis of Battenberg, a very able officer. King George and his brother were serving in the *Bacchante*, one of the ships of this squadron. When returning home, after visiting South America, the Cape of Good Hope, the Fiji Islands, Japan, China and Singapore, the *Inconstant* was diverted to Alexandria, arriving there two days after the bombardment of the city. He was landed with the Naval Brigade, under Lieutenant Percy Scott, an old fort recently vacated by Egyptian troops being assigned to them as quarters, and here the future Admiral Sir Percy Scott and the young midshipman slept together on a table, the legs, for obvious reasons, being planted in disinfectant! At the close of the war he received the Egyptian Medal and the Khedive's Star.

From 1883 to 1885 my brother served in H.M.S. *Curaçoa* and H.M.S. *Audacious* on the China Station as Midshipman, and in the following year, after qualifying courses at Greenwich and at Portsmouth, as Sub-Lieutenant in H.M. Brig *Pilot* and Torpedo-boat No. 3. Afterwards he acted as Navigator on H.M.S. *Banterer*, Commander E. W. Hodgkinson, on the West Coast of Ireland. In June 1888 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and served in the *Gannet* in the Mediterranean, and from 1891 to 1895 in the *Blonde* on the African Station. While in the latter ship he was landed with the Naval Brigade during a punitive expedition on the East Coast of Africa, gaining the Medal. He then commanded H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer *Rocket*, attached to the Particular Service Squadron (1896).

A few months later he went out to Australia, taking relief crews to Sydney, Bombay and the Cape of Good Hope, and then served as Lieutenant (N.) and Commander (N.) of H.M.S. *Royal Arthur*, the flagship on the Australian Station of Admiral Sir H. L. Pearson. In December 1899 he was promoted to the rank of Commander. From 1900 to 1903 he was

employed laying moorings at Gibraltar. In the latter year he returned to the Australian Station and commanded H.M.S. *Mutine*. For six months he acted as Deputy Commissioner for the Pacific, and Joint President of Mixed (French and English) Naval Commission administering the New Hebrides Islands. At the close of this period he received the thanks of the French Government for "active and loyal co-operation in the work of the Commission." It is perhaps worth mentioning that the book provided by the Admiralty for his guidance in dealings with the untutored savage was *Hints to J.P.'s!*

He returned to England in 1905, and was not called upon to go abroad again. He commanded H.M. training ship *Emerald* (late the *Black Prince* of old Greenock memories!) at Queenstown, Ireland, until 1907, and was then appointed Commander of the Dockyard and Deputy King's Harbourmaster at Sheerness.

From 1912 to 1919 he served as Commander and Captain (acting) of the Dockyard and King's Harbourmaster at Haulbowline, Ireland. During the Great War, Queenstown became the centre of very important activities, as not only was it the headquarters of small units of the American Navy—destroyers, submarines, motor launches and seaplanes—but several "Q" ships were fitted out and operated from it. Happily the representatives of the two Great Powers on either side of the Atlantic were inspired by a spirit of good fellowship, and the utmost harmony prevailed between them. Admiral Sir Lewis Bayley was "Commander-in-Chief of the Western Approaches," and for a brief period Admiral Sims of the U.S. Navy flew his flag during the former's absence on leave. He appointed Captain Pringle his United States Chief of Staff, and for the first time a foreign officer's name was entered in the *Navy List* on a British Admiral's staff during the war. Captain Pringle put up on the gangway of his ship, facing the ladder so that no one could come aboard without seeing it, an inscription in large brass letters: "Pull together."

The following extract, taken from a Report to Washington Navy Department, dated 12th March, 1919, headed "Historical Sketch of Activities during the War," shows that the American authorities were convinced that the maintenance of peace at this critical time was due, in some small measure, to the tact and energy of Captain Lacy: "One of the greatest factors making for the successful operation of supply system at the Queenstown base was the generous and active co-operation of the British officers at the dockyard Haulbowline.

"This was particularly true of the assistance rendered by the Captain of the Dockyard. He made all the arrangements for shifting supply vessels from the anchorage to Deep Water Quay into the wet basin at Haulbowline or alongside sheerlegs or travelling cranes as required by the nature of the cargo to be discharged or loaded.

"This complicated work was always accomplished in a manner that expedited the handling of the vessels and permitted their early departure. At one time, when quarantine prevented the employment of a working party of our own men, the Captain of the Dockyard took complete charge of the unloading of a cargo of aeroplanes."

In the June of 1918 my brother was awarded the Companionship of the Order of the Bath (Civil), and was invested by the King with the Insignia of the Order at Buckingham Palace on 31st July of the same year. He was also granted the American Distinguished Service Medal and the British War Medal. He retired from the Navy in July 1919. From 1920 to 1924 he acted as "Officer's Friend" in the Ministry of Pensions at Manchester. Since then he has lived chiefly in London.

On 25th August, 1900, while serving in the *Royal Arthur* at Sydney, my brother married Hilda Marguerite, the ninth child of Thomas Robertson, of Scottish descent, and Jane Susanna, his wife, daughter of Edward Cunningham, who came of an old Irish family. Her father was born at Windsor in 1831, and was the son of an earlier Thomas Robertson, mathematical master at Eton College. He received his education at the historic school on the banks of the Thames. He was the possessor of an adventurous disposition and as soon as he had completed his training as a "Writer to the Signet" and had attained his majority, he went out to the Cape of Good Hope. There he practised Law, qualified for the Bar, and was appointed an attorney and advocate of the District Court of Natal. Soon after the outbreak of the Kaffir War, 1851-4, he took an active part in the organisation of a corps of Natal Zulus, who were to proceed to the assistance of Sir Harry Smith, who was sorely pressed and surrounded by hordes of the enemy, at Fort Beaufort. Mr. Robertson volunteered to accompany this corps, serving as Lieutenant in a body of two hundred mounted colonists who were to act as bodyguard to the commandant of the contingent. This scheme aroused considerable opposition and was finally abandoned. Thereupon he went singly to headquarters, with a view to obtaining an appointment in the Provincial Levies, then in the field. In

this he failed, as they were about to be disbanded, but he was placed temporarily on the staff of Sir Harry Smith. Shortly afterwards he availed himself of an opportunity that occurred of bearing arms against the Kaffirs, and as a volunteer fought in a skirmish near King William's Town, under the command of Captain Knight, C.M. Rifles, receiving the thanks of his commander for the energy and zeal he displayed on this occasion. Before proceeding to the seat of war, he had disposed of his chambers to a barrister, recently arrived from England, and had promised not to practise in Natal for twelve months. This being the case, he decided to return to England.

His stay in his native land was but short, for, hearing of an opening in the Australian Agricultural Company, he went almost at once to New South Wales, and, entering the Company's service, acted for some years as one of their overseers. Later on he tried his luck in the goldfields. From the moment of his arrival in the Colony he took a lively interest in public affairs and did everything in his power to promote the welfare of the community to which, by right of adoption, he belonged. While living at Sydney he represented the electorate of Hume in Parliament. Eventually he settled at Hay in the Riverina district and returned to legal practice.

Some idea of his numerous activities, apart from his regular work, may be gathered from the fact that at the time of his death in the year 1891 he was a member of the Church of England Synod and Chancellor of the Diocese, President of the Athenaeum, Returning Officer for Balranald, and an enthusiastic Mason. The writer of an obituary notice, published in a local paper, only did Mr. Robertson justice when he described him as "gifted with high natural talents, endowed with scholarly attainments of the most diversified character, lofty of purpose, good-natured, open-hearted and charitable to a fault." His wife survived him, passing away in 1900.

The eldest son of Thomas Robertson, Thomas Cunningham Robertson, went to South Africa in January 1900, with the second contingent of the Australian Mounted Infantry, and took part in the Boer War, being mentioned in despatches for distinguished service in the field. He was killed on 21st November, 1901.

The second son, Alfred Selwyn Robertson, called Selwyn after his godfather, the famous bishop of that name, served in the 1st Signal Squadron, A.I.F., in the Great War. His discharge states: "Served with honour, and was disabled." He died in Queensland, 25th June, 1931.

The third son, Henry Stewart Robertson, was in the office of his father until after his death, when he became a civil clerk in the Army Service Corps. Later on he joined the Australian Mounted Police. After his retirement he came to England and died in London 1935.

The eldest daughter, Isabella Jane, married Charles William Pleydell-Bouverie, Captain R.N. The second, Mary Louisa, married Ernest Charles Hotham. There was no issue of either marriage, and both sisters at the present time are widows. Emma, the next in age, was the wife of Maurice Knight, Lieutenant R.N., who died some years ago. They had three children: Louie, who married Charles Robert Cator Smart, Captain R.N.; Beatrice, who married Dermot Bremner, Colonel R.E., D.S.O.; and Maurice Thomas, Commander R.N., who married Janet Leuchard. The youngest daughters, Ida Muriel and Jessie, are unmarried.

The only child of the marriage of Ernest Edward Lacy and Hilda Marguerite Robertson is Edward Dacre Lacy (known as Dacre), born 21st December, 1901, at 19 Elphinston Road, Southsea, and baptised at St. Jude's Church. The exigencies of his father's calling made him a much-travelled infant, and, in the care of his mother, he covered more miles during his babyhood than the average man, even at the present day, does in the course of a long life. He received his early education at Gore Court, Sittingbourne, a preparatory school, afterwards removed to Folkestone, and then entered Bradfield College, Berks, where he remained until 1919. After an interval spent with his parents at Manchester, he came up to London and acted as secretary to Miss Annie Matheson, a very gracious woman of the old-fashioned type, greatly interested in the patriotic upbringing of the young.

In the year of his majority (1922), he obtained a post in the firm of Ogden and Spenser, Publicity Agents, where he remained for six years. He then joined Murex Welding Processes Ltd., an electric welding company, as advertising manager. He had always had a love of reading and, when only twenty years of age, had published a little book of verse called *Bradfield and other Poems*. Later on he contributed prose articles to certain magazines. His undoubted talent for literary work now serves him in good stead, for not only does he edit the magazine produced by his firm, but he is rapidly becoming recognised, not only in England but in other parts of the English-speaking world, as a writer on commercial subjects.

On 30th April, 1927, at Greenford Church, Middlesex, he

married Phyllis Muriel Owens, only surviving daughter of Sir George Thurston, the well-known expert on ship construction. They have had three sons: Alastair de Saumarez Dacre, born 29th November, 1928, baptised at Greenford Church; Antony Cameron Dacre and Christopher Brereton Dacre (twins), born 18th December, 1930, baptised at Great Warley Church, Essex. Christopher, dear baby, passed away 20th September, 1935.

The third member of the family, Anne Cameron (Annie), has had, from an early age, a great desire to take up nursing, but for several years her health, never good, stood in her way. At length, in the autumn of 1898, she decided to attempt a training, and with this end in view entered St. John's Hospital, Morden Hill, Lewisham, as a lady probationer, passing on in the year 1900 to Walsall General Hospital. In 1905, being fully trained, she became Matron of Ripon Cottage Hospital, where she remained until the end of the War, and then started a nursing home, in conjunction with a friend, Miss Muriel Tattersall, at Harrogate. After parting with the house and goodwill of this home (1922), she accepted a temporary post at Bath. Finally, in 1925, she took over the lease of "Sunfold," Colwall, a convalescent home, beautifully situated in a nook in the Malvern Hills, which she gave up in the year 1935. She now lives at West Malvern, in a little house she shares with her friend "Meg" Ryan.

My youngest sister, Emily Marion, had naturally a great feeling for Art. She received her training first at Blackheath Art School, then at the Goldsmiths' Institute, New Cross, and later on at the Slade School, London. She produced some charming sketches, both in oils and water-colour, and copied pictures at the National Gallery, but her real strength lay in "studies from the life." A pleasing portrait of our mother, taken in her old age, is perhaps the most remarkable piece of work she left behind her, as she succeeded in producing a striking likeness of her subject, even though she was an exceptionally bad sitter! After a time she gave up the active pursuit of Art and devoted herself to gardening, with the result that the plot of ground at the back of our house in Shooters Hill Road, Blackheath, lost the Victorian stiffness that once characterised it and became a delightful medley of herbaceous borders, rock gardens and even a water garden, all, of course, on a microscopic scale.

With the outbreak of War, Emily set aside her own interests and spent the leisure that was hers, after caring for our mother

and looking after the home, at a war depôt at Blackheath. In the summer of 1916 she was, for a few weeks, Linen Sister in a small hospital at Earls Colne, Essex, and later on Linen Quartermaster at the Hospital at Storminster Marshall, near Wimborne.

When the War came to an end she took up private work and filled various posts in different parts of the country, only leaving a preparatory school at Rugby, where she acted as Matron, because she was not strong enough to stand disturbed nights. She went to St. Martin's Lodge, Scarborough, a Rest Home for Ladies, as second in command in 1923, and remained there for four years, very happy years in the main. During her holidays, which she was obliged to take in the winter, she went twice abroad. At the close of this period her health, which had given cause for anxiety ever since the last few months she spent at Blackheath, definitely gave way, and she was compelled to send in her resignation to the committee of the home, who accepted it with great regret.

This was the beginning of the end, though it was not realised at once. From henceforth she was an invalid, treatment in nursing homes, at Harrogate and elsewhere, alternating with visits to her sister Annie and to her special friends Mrs. Meteyard and Miss Casibon. Her last days were spent at the Mill House, Twyford, Berks, in an atmosphere of sympathy and peace, everything that skill and kindness could suggest being done to make her lot endurable. She passed away on 7th March, 1931, so quietly that I, who was with her, did not know the moment when she left us. "Ave atque vale!"

After relating the story of "mine own people," I return once gain to the roll of our uncles and aunts.

Susan Anne (born 1819, died 1894), the nearest in age to our father, was the sixth child and youngest daughter of Joseph Dacre and Susan Lacy. She married William Withy Gull, a friend and fellow student of her brother Tom, and, by so doing, exchanged a quiet existence among friends and relations in Guernsey for a life spent amid the noise and hurry of London. Her first home was in the precincts of Guy's Hospital. Then came a move to a house in Finsbury Square, and afterwards to one in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, each move indicating the increasing extent of her husband's practice, as his wonderful powers of diagnosis and the treatment of disease became more widely known. The recovery of the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII) from his serious illness, when Dr. Gull played the part not only of physician but also of nurse to his royal

patient, and the baronetcy that was afterwards conferred on him only served to draw the attention of a larger public to a reputation that was already firmly established.

In spite of great outward prosperity, the life of "Aunt Susan," as the years went on, was not by any means a very happy one. She was never strong and was constitutionally liable to fits of extreme depression. She also possessed a temperament that found little pleasure in social functions, nor in a large establishment such as her husband's position rendered necessary. Moreover a terrible loss, the death of three of her five children at an early age, left an ineffaceable mark upon her. My father used to say that she was "the kindest little soul alive," and her goodness to her nieces and nephews caused her to be regarded by them as a veritable "fairy godmother." Once settled at Blackheath we were constantly brought into close contact with her, and after Sir William's final breakdown in health, and during the period of her widowhood, my sister Annie and I paid her frequent visits. She passed away suddenly in the January of 1894, and was laid to rest beside her husband, who had died four years earlier, in the churchyard of Thorpe-le-Soken, a remote village in Essex, where the famous physician had been born and brought up.

Caroline Cameron Gull (Carrie) (born 1851, died 1929), the elder of Aunt Susan's children who lived to grow up, married in the year 1888 Theodore, a son of Sir Henry Dyke Acland of Oxford, who followed the profession of his father and, like him, combined activities of a more general order with the private practice of medicine. Previous to her marriage "Carrie" had had a short training in nursing at Guy's Hospital, and the knowledge thus acquired enabled her to bring understanding and sympathy to the work of her husband. During the Great War the house that was their home in Bryanston Square served both as a centre of hospitality to such of their friends as the exigencies of the times brought to London and as a depôt where contributions in kind from helpers in America could be received and distributed to the various military hospitals. The last years of her life were overshadowed by very bad health. Theodore died in 1931.

Two children were born of the marriage of Caroline Cameron Gull and Theodore Dyke Acland, a little daughter named Aimée, born 1889, who only lived a few weeks, and a son, Theodore William Gull (Bobs), born 1890. The latter was educated at Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk, and at King's College, Cambridge. He took honours in Chemistry at the

University, worked in a Government Laboratory at the beginning of the War, where he was "gassed," and afterwards accepted a post as chemist in one of the Brunner, Mond laboratories. He then discovered that his true vocation lay in teaching, and he became one of the masters at Stowe School, and is now the head of King Edward's School, Norwich.

William Cameron Gull (Willie), born 1860, died 1922, was educated at Eton College and Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the Bar. He succeeded to the baronetcy after the death of his father, and preferred to be known as Sir Cameron Gull. In 1895 he contested the Barnstaple Division of Devonshire in the Liberal Unionist interest and was returned with a fair majority, but was ousted at the next General Election by the Radical candidate and did not stand again for Parliament. He built a large house for himself near Newbury in Berkshire, and, when once settled there, led the life of a country gentleman, supervising his estate and taking an active part in local public affairs. He was very kind in helping my sisters and myself with valuable advice on business matters, both before the death of our mother and later on, when he acted as one of the executors of her will.

Sir Cameron Gull married in 1886 Annie Clayton, a daughter of Lord Justice Lindley (afterwards Lord Lindley), by whom he had six children. The eldest of these, Mary Edith (Meg), married first (1911) William Watney, reported "missing" early in the Great War, and secondly (1926) William McConnel. She had by her first husband two children, William, who died early, and Margaret; and has also a son by her second husband. Amy Beatrice (Bee) was married in 1913 to Charles Goshen. Francis Lindley (Frank) (born 1889) married Elizabeth Renshaw (1914), and was killed in action in the year 1918, leaving no children. Jessie Catharine died in infancy. Richard (born 1894), the present baronet, married in 1917 Dona Swynerton Dyer, and had a son and daughter. Owing to force of circumstances he has thought it wise to part with the beautiful home, Frilsham House in Berkshire, built by his father with a sum of money specially set apart for the purpose by his grandfather. The youngest of the family, Dorothea Susan (Birdie), married in 1923 Vernon Knollys, and has two children.

In the year 1910 Willie remarried, his second wife being Evelyn, daughter of Lord Justice Snagge, who died in 1914 at the birth of her younger child, a son called John Evelyn; a little girl, Rosemary Violet, having been born a few months previously.

Richard Lacy, born 1822, died 1907, was educated, like his brothers, at Elizabeth College, Guernsey. He entered the College in 1829, and left it in 1838, having won a "Le Marchant Prize." He was destined for a commercial career and spent some time in a bank in Germany, but he greatly desired to enter the Army, and in the year 1842 was gazetted to the Duke of Wellington's (33rd) Regiment as Ensign, becoming a Lieutenant in 1844. He went out to the Crimea, but, on being promoted to the rank of Captain, returned to England and acted as Adjutant of his regiment at the depôt at Aldershot. From 1856 to 1866 he served as Instructor of Musketry in Canada. In the following year he took part in the Abyssinian Campaign, being present at the storming and capture of Magdala, gaining the Abyssinian Medal. Later on he exchanged into the East Lancashire (59th) Regiment, and was sent out to India. During the war in Afghanistan, 1878-80, he was made Brigadier-General, and commanded the brigade at Kabul at the battle of Ahmed-Keel, and the action of Urzoo, thereby clearing the way for Roberts's celebrated march from Kabul to Kandahar. For his services he was mentioned in despatches, and received the Afghan Medal and Clasp. In 1881 he retired from the Army, preferring to retain his rank of Colonel rather than that of General which was offered him.

Richard Lacy married Gertrude Mary Hassell, who was partly of Danish descent. They had three daughters. The eldest, Bertha, married, in 1879, Charles Good (died 1935), a cousin on her mother's side, a civil engineer by profession. Practically the whole of their married life has been spent abroad, and for many years they have made their home in Western Australia. They have a large family. The second daughter, Gertrude Anne (Gertie), devoted herself to the care of her father and mother in their old age. After the death of the latter in 1922 she lived for some time in Chester, but has recently removed to London. The youngest, Eunice Dacre, married, in 1889, James McGregor, a whisky distiller. Five children were born of this marriage; the eldest of the family, Ian Lacy, was killed in the Great War. They live at Grantown-on-Spey.

I should like to add a personal note to this brief account of "Uncle Richard," and say how much I owe him, Aunt Gertrude and "Gertie" for the warm welcome which always awaited me when I visited "Moorholm," their charming little house at Neston, near Chester, on the estuary of the Dee.

PART II

THE CHERRYS OF BURGHFIELD, BERKS

Lines on the name Cherry, believed to have been compiled by an admirer of one of the "young ladies" of Burghfield Rectory:

Chérie was thine ancient name,
And shall ever be the same;
Henceforth therefore shalt thou be
Chérie when we think of thee.

And if other tongues refuse
This thy cherished name to use,
Twofold pleasure shall we own,
Chérie, though to us alone.

THE CHERRYS OF BURGHFIELD, BERKS

That branch of the Cherry family to which my mother belonged is believed to be descended from the noble house of "de Chérie," Seigneurs of Beauville, Liguière, and Villamont, in Picardy and Normandy. This tradition is of respectable antiquity and has behind it the authority of a well-known name, as it occurs in the earliest edition of Burke's *Landed Gentry*, that of 1848-9. Still there appears to be no evidence, as far as I have been able to discover, that confirms the idea. All we really know on the subject is that there were several families of that name in France in the fifteenth century, and that certain members of these families came to this country, either as religious refugees or for purposes of trade. From an inquest post mortem (14 Henry IV, 1412-3) we learn that two of these exiles, voluntary or involuntary, Thomas and Jean de Chérie, held lands and tenements in the village of Plumpton, near Towchester in Northamptonshire. In the French archives it has been discovered that Jean de Chérie obtained permission to visit Normandy in 1407, under a safe conduct from the then King of France, to settle family affairs.

The suggestion has been made that in one of these two men we find the progenitor of the Cherrys of Burghfield, but here again there is no conclusive proof, for a period of a century and a half intervenes between them and Thomas Cherry, our undoubted forebear, and so there must been have at least three, if not four, generations, to bridge the gulf of whom no record remains. Yet there is a recurrence of Christian names in our family tree that renders the idea not improbable, and North Kilworth, a village in Leicestershire on the Northamptonshire border, close to Market Harborough, the home of our Thomas Cherry, is only a little over twenty miles from Plumpton, as the crow flies. A move, even in those far-away days, when man and horse furnished the only means of transit, would therefore not have been a very formidable undertaking.

With the advent of the aforesaid Thomas Cherry on the scene, we at last reach more solid ground, albeit it is necessary to admit that he, and most of those who follow immediately in his train, with one notable exception, are rather shadowy figures. He and his wife Elizabeth, surname unknown, passed their lives at North Kilworth. They both died in the year 1588, as did their eldest son, another Thomas, a merchant vintner, carrying on business in the parish of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, London. The second son, John, our ancestor,

passed away early (1557), leaving a wife, Agnes, surname unknown, and several children.

Their youngest son, Francis (born 1552), unlike his near relations, became, in process of time, a very distinguished personage. Like his elder brother he was a merchant vintner, and in all probability took over the business of the former, who had died without issue. He lived at Camberwell, but had also a house at Barking by the Tower. He became an Alderman and Sheriff of the City of London, and, strangely enough from a modern point of view, was chosen by Queen Elizabeth to represent her, as Ambassador, at the Court of Muscovy. In the year 1604 he was knighted by King James I.

Francis Cherry married, first, Margaret, daughter of Henry Hayward of Camberwell, by whom he had four sons and seven daughters. She dying at the birth of her last child (1595) he married, in 1599, Elizabeth, widow of Christopher Holmes of London, by whom he had four sons. He evidently retained an affection for his old home in the country, as in the year 1600 he purchased from the Crown the advowson and right of presentation to the Rectory of North Kilworth.

Sir Francis Cherry died in 1605, and was buried in All Hallows, Berkynchurche by the Tower, that beautiful building the Central Shrine of Toc H, where things new and old meet together at the present day in perfect harmony, and the Prince of Wales' "Lamp of Maintenance" stands on an ancient tomb in the Chapel of Richard I, "Cor Leonis." No trace remains of the "fayre stone," under which, as the historian Stow tells us, he was laid to rest, a floor-slab engraven with the Coat of Arms granted him in the year 1599 by Norroy King of Arms, "Argent, a fesse gules, between three annulets (rings), gules." Even now he is not forgotten in the church where he was wont to worship, for in a list of benefactors to the parish, at the west end of the south aisle, his name occurs (1604) as the donor of "a house in Priests' Alley." This Alley is shown on very early maps. The passageway, which still exists, though blocked with an iron gate, runs south from Tower Street at the east end of All Hallows Churchyard, and emerges after a sharp turn on to the slope of Tower Hill almost opposite to the entrance to the Tower. It has been suggested that the priests, whose painful duty it was to minister to the criminals executed on Tower Hill, after vesting in All Hallows passed through it on their way to the scaffold rather than face the enormous crowd of spectators that always assembled on these occasions.

There is little to recount of the two generations of my mother's family who came next in our line of descent and that little is not of a very interesting order. John Cherry's eldest son dying in infancy, his second son John, born in 1554, succeeded to the Kilworth estate on the death of his grandfather, and married Agnes Pratt (died 1598). He died in 1615, and his only son Thomas (born 1568) married Margaret Watkins, the daughter of a man who appears to have had a small farm, whose brother is described in the parish register as a "householder and husbandman." They had eleven children, most of whom died young.

Their second son Thomas (born 1596) survived and made a very prudent marriage, his father-in-law, a certain Richard Powney, having obtained a grant of the rectorial manor of Old Windsor, and being lessee of the Hermitage or Crown Manor connected with it was in a position to give a large dowry to his daughter Ellen. Thomas Cherry settled at Maidenhead, in the Parish of Bray. His lot was cast in troubled times, for he was three years older than Oliver Cromwell, and died one year before him. He therefore lived through the Great Rebellion and the Protectorate, but was apparently left quite unmolested. Probably he had friends in both parties, and he must have lived a retired life, carefully abstaining from politics. The inscription on his monument in Bray Church is as follows:

"Here lye interred the bodies of
THOMAS CHERRY
of Maydenhead, in this Parish,
who died 14th September, 1657,
anno aetatis 61;
and of ELLEN, his wife, who died 19th Sept., 1657,
anno aetatis 59
They lived together in wedlock 35 yeares, and had
8 sonnes and one daughter
And were both interred in one grave, Sept. 20th, 1657."

It is unnecessary to enter into the history of the greater number of the children of this marriage, other than our own ancestor, but the fourth son, William, was not only of some small importance in himself but was also the father of one of the most remarkable members of the Cherry family. He was admitted to the Middle Temple in 1656, and, in the same year, married Ann, sole daughter of John Whitfield of Canterbury. On the death of his father-in-law he purchased the manors of Shottesbrooke and Waltham, the adjoining parish to Bray, and

in 1684 he acquired the estate of Winsors, with the mansion called Waltham Place as well as lands at Bisham and Egham.

In the year 1682 William Cherry founded a school at Bray by converting the Chantry Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin on the north side of the parish church into a schoolroom and library and by paying a master to give free education to twenty poor boys. He must at this time have been the possessor of good means, but later on, for some unexplained reason, he found himself in embarrassed circumstances, and was compelled to seek assistance from others for the payment of the schoolmaster's fees. A curious reference to him, suggesting that, in spite of these acts of benevolence, he on one occasion at least abused his position as Squire of Shottesbrooke, and by so doing gave great offence to his poorer neighbours, occurs in the MS. Diaries of Hearne, the antiquarian, under the date 11th July, 1731. The reference is as follows: "At Brick Bridge our Princes frequently came at the time of hunting in Windsor Forest. A little way from this bridge was a very pleasant oak, said to be the biggest in England, called 'Nan's Oak' because tradition says that King James' first Queen Anne was much delighted with it, that she sickened under it, and some say this sickness proved mortal. The tree was cut down in the beginning of King James' [the Second's] reign (to the no small resentment of the country people) by order of William Cherry, Esquire, father of, but of different principles from my best friend, Mr. Francis Cherry."

William Cherry was killed in a coaching accident in 1705 and died heavily in debt. His wife predeceased him by two years at the age of eighty-three. She bequeathed the sum of £100 "to the poor of the parish, to be secured to them as the trustees of her will should think proper, to be distributed—after Christmas Day—for the benefit of the poor, and not to ease the taxes of the rich," a shrewd and probably a not unneeded provision!

The only son of William Cherry, Francis by name, a man of considerable learning, played a conspicuous part in the annals of the period as a confirmed Jacobite and Non-juror, who, though he was never involved in any plot to restore James II or his son, consistently refused to recognise William and Mary or Queen Anne. He was born in 1666 and was educated as a "Gentleman Commoner" at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. He has been described as a "fine gentleman, an elegant dancer and a bold rider." That he was endowed by nature with an unusual measure of good looks is evident to all who have seen

in the Bodleian Library the portrait given by his daughter Anne to the University of Oxford. His kindness of heart and his charm of manner secured him many friends, more especially among those who shared his convictions on questions of Church and State. The saintly Bishop Ken, author of *Awake, my soul!* one of the best loved hymns in the English language, often visited him at Shottesbrooke. As he felt himself precluded by conscientious motives from attending the services of the parish church, he maintained a non-juring clergyman, the Rev. Frank Brokesby, to minister to him as his private chaplain.

In his youth Francis Cherry had had full experience of his father's generosity, as, after his marriage to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Finch of Fiennes Court, White Waltham, in 1686, he received from him an allowance of £2,000 a year, a princely income at the time. In his last days, however, he made himself responsible for William Cherry's debts, a heavy burden, which it is believed helped to shorten his life. He actually spent a few days in Reading Jail, at the instance of two of his creditors, one of these, it is sad to say, being Dr. Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough, who had been his tutor at Oxford, on whom he had bestowed many benefits. It is related that the officers of the Sheriff, after arresting him, begged him to ride to prison in his chariot but that he preferred to take his cane and walk with them. So greatly was he held in honour that, during the short time he was incarcerated, he was visited by nearly all the nobility and gentry of the county, and obliged to spend over £100 in entertaining them—a high price to pay for popularity when he was already straitened for money.

He passed away in the year 1713, and in fulfilment of his wish, expressed in a touching letter to his wife, he was buried privately at ten o'clock at night in Shottesbrooke Churchyard. On his tomb, by his desire, were inscribed the words: "Hic jacet peccatorum maximus," a rare example of lowliness of heart in an age of pompous and flattering epitaphs.

The Shottesbrooke estate was sold by his widow and his two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth, to a London merchant of the name of Vansitart for £21,000. Mrs. Cherry survived her husband sixteen years, dying in 1729. There were two sons, both died in infancy.

George Cherry, the fifth son of the last Thomas Cherry, and nephew of the Non-juror, from whom the present representatives of my mother's branch of the family are descended, was born in 1630, and married Margaret Plaistow of Bisham. He

died in 1684, leaving six sons and four daughters. His widow appears to have removed with her children to the parish of St. Clement Danes, London.

Their eldest son, George Cherry, born in 1675, married Elizabeth Byron, widow of a Lieutenant Annis. He is described in his will as of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, and previously of St. Anne's, Soho, Westminster. He died in 1738, leaving two sons and three daughters. Nothing is known of his brothers and sisters except that in 1740 letters of administration were granted to the eldest surviving son, Samuel Cherry, to administer his mother's will.

George Cherry the younger left two sons, George and William, and a daughter, Mary, who married George Thompson. Mrs. George Cherry was left sole executrix of her husband's will, and in her own will of 22nd February, 1756, she is described as of St. Anne's, Westminster. Her eldest son, George, was then living but nothing more is known of him, and he apparently died unmarried.

The second son, William Cherry (born 1701), renewed the family association with the City of London that had been in abeyance since the time of Sir Francis Cherry the merchant vintner, for he was elected on the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Fanmakers in 1723, and was appointed Fanmaker to Kings George I and George II. One would like to know if he actually made or sold fans. He married Mary Anne Breton of Southampton, the descendant of an ancient and noble Norman house, whose brother, Captain Breton, was in the Royal Navy. This was probably why she placed her second son, George, in the same service. William Cherry died in 1776 and was buried at Hammersmith. His widow died in 1792, within a few days of her ninety-third year, and was buried near her husband.

William Cherry's second son, George Cherry, was born in 1731. He entered the Navy at a very early age, and in his seventeenth year was a midshipman on board the *Neptune*, then commanded by his uncle, Captain Breton, R.N. In May 1747 the *Neptune* joined the squadron under Admiral Boscawen, and took part in an action with the French Fleet off Finisterre. In this action Captain Breton was mortally wounded, and George Cherry, by losing his right leg, was compelled to relinquish active service in the Navy and take to the civil duties of Captain's Secretary and Purser. Having gained the friendship of Admiral Lord Howe, the Duke of York and Admiral Sir George Pocock, with all of whom he had sailed,

he was successively appointed Victualling Agent at New York, Secretary to three successive Commanders-in-Chief at the Nore, Storekeeper for the Army at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and in 1785 Chairman to the Board of Commissioners for Victualling the Navy, an office he retained until his retirement from public service in 1799.

George Cherry's position in the Naval Department brought him into communication with Mr. Pitt and his administration, and led to his receiving on two occasions offers of a baronetcy, which, however, he declined, owing to the untimely death of his eldest son. He married at Chatham, Kent, in 1760, Susan, daughter of Henry Curtis of Chatham, who died in 1775, by whom he had issue six sons and five daughters. He died at 17 Nottingham Place, Marylebone, in 1815.

According to family tradition George Cherry was a very choleric old gentleman, and when excited used to unscrew his wooden leg and hurl it at anyone who offended him. He kept a black servant, who had been for many years in his service and thoroughly understood his ways. Considering his early training and the rough surgery he must have endured when he lost his leg, which may have affected his nervous system for the remainder of his life, we need not be surprised if he occasionally exhibited eccentricities of behaviour. He was evidently a very capable and determined man, who, in spite of adverse circumstances, raised himself from a very subordinate position in the Civil Department of the Admiralty and proved a most efficient Government servant.

Although George Frederick Cherry (born 1761), the eldest son of George and Susan Cherry, does not figure directly in our line of descent, he and those who come after him are of too great importance to leave out of this little history, or even to dismiss with a passing reference. He was the earliest member of the family to adventure to India, then a veritable land of promise, and also, as he found it to his cost, one where, as at the present time, a sudden and violent death occasionally terminated the career of the English official.

He entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1778, and, later on, was elected by Lord Cornwallis for a position on his staff, on account of his knowledge of the native languages. He must have accompanied Lord Cornwallis to Madras in 1792 when terms of peace were dictated to Tippoo Sahib under the wall of Seringapatam, the terms being that he should surrender half his territory, pay three crores of rupees, and give up two of his sons as hostages for the execution of the treaty. On Lord

Cornwallis' retirement from the Governor-Generalship, he appointed him Resident at Benares.

So far all had gone well with George Frederick Cherry, and a career of long and faithful service to his country apparently lay before him when he was overtaken by a sudden and unforeseen tragedy.

In 1796 Asaf-ud-Doula, Nabob of Oude, died and was succeeded by his reputed son Vizier Ali. Immediately after the accession of the latter, however, a petition was presented to the Governor-General alleging that the mother of the new ruler had been introduced into Asaf-ud-Doula's harem after his birth, with the object of providing him with an heir, he being childless. The Governor-General inquired into the case himself and came to the conclusion that Vizier Ali was not the son of Asaf-ud-Doula, and therefore not entitled to be Nabob of Oude. He was accordingly deposed, but was granted an allowance chargeable to the revenues of Oude, and was permitted to reside at Benares. In 1798 the Marquis Wellesley, the new Governor-General, determined to remove him to Calcutta, as it was reported that he had sent presents to the Afghan ruler, Zeman Shah, who had threatened to invade India, and it was thought probable that, on the approach of the Shah, Vizier Ali might give trouble to the British troops employed on the frontier. The conduct of George Frederick Cherry towards him is represented as being in every respect kind and considerate, but, unfortunately, Vizier Ali regarded him as his enemy in chief, and sought the first opportunity of revenge. That opportunity soon presented itself. It used to be the custom in most of the Residencies in India to hold a public breakfast on certain days, at the close of which anyone wishing to see the Resident could have an interview with him. Vizier Ali engaged himself to breakfast on 14th January, 1799, and the meal and the usual ceremonies passed off quietly. Then Vizier Ali began to speak of the great hardships entailed on his removal to Calcutta, and getting excited, accused the Resident of being the cause of his removal. He tried to pacify him, pointing out that he had no option but was obliged to carry out the Governor-General's orders. Vizier Ali then rose and, drawing his sword, struck him with it, while his attendants killed Captain Conway, who was present at the interview. George Frederick Cherry tried to escape by a window, but was fatally stabbed by another attendant. Vizier Ali fled from Benares, and eventually reached Jaipur, where he was received by the Rajah, but placed under restraint. Negotiations were

opened for Vizier Ali's surrender and he was given up on the condition that his life should be spared.

George Frederick Cherry married at Calcutta, in 1789, Martha Maria, daughter of Henry and Ann Paul (born 1771, died 1819), by whom he had a son, George Henry Cherry (born 1793). The latter was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1822 he bought the Manor at Denford, Berks, and three years later settled in Denford House. He sat in Parliament for Dunwich from 1820 to 1826, and afterwards for Hendon and was a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Berks, and in 1829 was appointed High Sheriff of the same county. He married in 1819 Charlotte, second daughter of Charles and Anne Drake Garrard of Lamer, Herts, and died in 1848, leaving two sons and six daughters. He was succeeded in the Denford estate by his elder son, George Charles Cherry (born 1822), barrister-at-law, who was Chairman of the Berkshire Quarter Sessions and a Captain in the Berkshire Volunteers.

On the death of George Charles Cherry, without issue, his brother, Major-General Apsley Cherry, C.B., inherited Denford. He was born 1832, and entered the Army, serving with the 90th Regiment in the first relief and siege of Lucknow, and in the Kaffir and Zulu Wars. In 1885 he married Evelyn Edith, daughter of H. W. Sharpin, and had, with other issue, a son, Aspley George Bennet, born in 1886, who assumed the surname of Garrard by Royal Licence in 1892 on succeeding to the Lamer estate under the will of his uncle, Dr. Drake Garrard; and five daughters. Apsley Cherry Garrard was Assistant Zoologist in Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition, 1910-3.

I understand that Denford has recently passed into other hands, by deed of sale, and that Apsley Cherry Garrard now lives at Lamer Park, Hertfordshire.

I now turn from our kinsfolk, the Cherrys of Denford, to the second son of George Cherry, John Hector Cherry, our great-grandfather, who was born in 1763, and entered the East India Civil Service at Bombay in 1779. He rose to be a Member of Council, and, as senior member, acted as Governor of Bombay in 1802, dying there a year later. By his marriage to Catherine, daughter of William Stratton of Surat, he became allied to a well-known Anglo-Indian family, and one that had the distinction of being connected with that of John Locke, the famous philosopher. His father-in-law had married Jeanne Bouchard, the sole child and heiress of Jean Baptist Bouchard, a cadet of the noble house of Montmorenci, who had joined the French

Civil Service at Pondicherry. Their daughter, the wife of John Hector Cherry, known to her relatives as Aunt John, died in 1861 in her ninety-third year.

The eldest son of John Hector and Catherine Cherry, another George Frederick Cherry, was born in 1788, and joined the Madras Civil Service in 1804. In 1807 he was appointed Assistant Registrar at Tinnevelli, and in 1809 was promoted to be Registrar at Madura. In 1821 he was nominated Judge of Masulipatam, and in 1824 was transferred as Judge to Combacaconam, where he died in 1827. He married Charlotte Hughes, who survived him.

The only son of George Frederick and Charlotte Cherry, John William Cherry, a contemporary and favourite cousin of my mother, was born in 1820, joined the Madras Civil Service in 1839, and was subsequently appointed Assistant Collector at South Arcot. In 1842 he was promoted to be Head Assistant at Chinglepat, and the following year was transferred to the Presidency as Assistant Accountant-General. In 1849 he took furlough to Europe, and, on his return two years later, became Sub-Collector at Salem. In 1859 he was appointed Judge at Salem, and in 1865 was transferred to Utakamand, where he died in 1866. His wife, Selina, was the only daughter of Colonel Kenneth Macaulay, a brother of Lord Macaulay, who died in 1861. They had eight children. The eldest of these, Selina Charlotte Cherry (born 1841, died 1899), married Edward Morriss, a banker in the Far East. She and her large family were for some time at Blackheath, and we saw a good deal of them. The second, another John William Cherry, was in the Madras Forest Department. He married Lizzie Browne, and passed away in the year 1935.

Of late years I have had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with my cousin, Alicia Fanny Emma (born 1852), who married Johnstone Smith, and her daughter Alice Charlotte, known as "Bunnie." The former was baptised by my grandfather, the Rev. Henry Curtis Cherry, who signed her baptismal certificate with the earlier form of his surname "Chérie." Of the other members of the family I know little.

Our grandfather, Henry Curtis Cherry, second son of John Hector Cherry, was born at Surat in the East Indies, on 16th December, 1798. He went to Clare College, Cambridge, took his M.A. degree, and subsequently entered Holy Orders. From about 1823 to 1827 he held curacies, first at Horringer, a village in Suffolk, near Bury St. Edmunds, and secondly, for

a few months only, at Chiswick, Middlesex. He was then presented to the living of Burghfield, Berks, in the diocese of Oxford, four miles out of Reading, and settled down for the remainder of his life in this country parish. The ancient church, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, was considerably out of repair at the time of his incumbency, and by the year 1842 the condition to which it was reduced appeared so serious that it was pulled down; a lamentable necessity, if indeed it were a necessity at all; and a new church of Romanesque design erected on the same site. The unique font, probably dating from the 12th century, was happily retained. It had consisted originally of a large circular bowl and a base with a cable moulding, but about two hundred years later the bowl was recut into a ten-sided form, with shallow trefoil-headed panels. Some monuments also were saved from destruction, the most notable of these being the effigy of a knight, carved in wood, possibly that of Robert de Burghfield, Lord of the Manor in the 13th century.

In 1836 Henry Curtis Cherry became "Domestick Chaplain" to Lord de Saumarez, an appointment we may well believe of a purely honorary character. He is reported to have been an eloquent preacher. In 1842-4 he published, by request, two volumes of lectures, previously delivered to his parishioners, called *Illustrations of the Saints' Days and other Festivals of the Church.* His choice of a theme for these lectures and the manner of their treatment were evidently inspired by the Tractarian Movement, which, while still in infancy, had already begun to arouse the minds of Englishmen from the apathy that had been such a strong feature of Georgian churchmanship. On the title-page of each volume appears a tiny woodcut of the exterior of one of the Burghfield churches. That of the older building is of special interest as a record of the past. It may possibly have been partly constructed of wood.

In addition to his clerical duties he also took an active part in the affairs of the county, and was for some years a Justice of the Peace for Berkshire. He was a clever draughtsman, with a special talent for catching a likeness, and it is said that when on the bench he occasionally enlivened the proceedings by handing round for inspection hasty pen-and-ink sketches of those who came under his notice in his judicial capacity!

Our grandfather was greatly interested in heraldry and genealogy, and many of his hours of leisure were devoted to the pursuit of information concerning the history of the Cherry family. His notes on this subject were, it is said, formerly

preserved in the library at Denford. He was also a keen archaeologist and left behind three volumes of manuscript with the title *Bercherienses Prosapiae*, arranged for publication but never printed. This work is now in the possession of the proprietors of the *Victoria History of the Counties of England*, and the debt they owe to it, in the preparation of the two last volumes of the series dealing with Berkshire, is acknowledged by them in an editorial note.

Copies of three of his bookplates are to be found in the Franks Collection in the British Museum. They all bear, with trifling variations, the Coat of Arms granted to Francis Cherry, Merchant Vintner of London, in the year 1599: "Argent, a fesse engrailed gules, between three annulets (rings) gules." The high position to which the aforesaid Francis Cherry attained during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I doubtless accounts for the curious circumstance that the arms of his choice were accepted, apparently without question, by the descendants of our ancestor, his elder brother James. The motto on the earliest of these bookplates is "Perfice quod suscipias"—"Complete that thou undertakest." On the later examples this is replaced by "Cheris l'espoir"—"Cherish hope," a play on the original form of the name "Cherry." As we know he greatly regretted the loss of this form and much desired to revive the use of it, there seems sufficient reason to believe that it is to him we owe the present motto. The Crest is "A demi-lion argent, holding a gem ring or, enriched with a precious stone." After his marriage our grandfather impaled the Arms of his wife—"Gules two bars or"—with his own. These Arms, accompanied by the Crest: "A sheaf of five arrows proper, tied with a band gules," and the Motto consisting of the one word "Unite," form the subject of a Deed of Registration in Lyon office in the year 1795. They were then borne by Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the twenty-seventh Chief in succession of Clan Cameron.

In addition to these bookplates, a very interesting testimony to his love of heraldry has come down to us, a poem addressed to him by Miss Mary Russell Mitford, the well-known author of *Our Village*. She had settled, in the year 1820, at Three Miles Cross, a hamlet on the turnpike road between Reading and Basingstoke within easy reach of Burghfield, and a friendship, based on a similarity of literary tastes, grew up beween her and the Rector of the parish. The poem is as follows:

Lines to the Rev. Henry Curtis Cherry on returning to him a book of Heraldic Engravings:

"'Tis pleasant on your book to pore,
In joyous dreams of days of yore,
To mark the lion shield advance
Among the vine-clad hills of France,
Or see the red cross banner shine
On the parched plains of Palestine,
As in that old chivalrous age,
Which lives in Froissart's storied page,
Or that which past and finished long
Revives in Scott's immortal song.
Oh! well loved he that minstrel high
The pomp and pride of blasonry,
Could deftly wield the Herald's skill
Obedient to the Poet's will,
And sprung himself of lineage old,
Of lady chaste and baron bold
Had faith (howbeit from lowly state
Have sprung the gifted and the great),
That gentle thoughts and gentle blood
Combine in honor's loftiest mood,
That sons of long descended sires
Spurn abject deeds and low desires,
And young ambition's noblest flame
Is fanned by an ancestral name.
Such faith hold I—and as I traced
That work of thine of matchless taste,
Fine as the Roman painter's line,
And as the English graver fine,
And glorious as the beams that pass,
In Gothic fanes, thro' tinted glass,
Methought how proud a lesson here
For hopeful sons and daughters dear,
To ponder o'er the bearings high,
Of their heroic ancestry,
And seek in virtue to out shine
Their long hereditary line.

"M. MITFORD,

"20th September, 1832."

In the year 1822 Henry Curtis Cherry married Anne Alicia (born at Hythe, Kent, 1805), a daughter of Sir John Cameron, second son of John Cameron of Cuilchenna, and Anne, daughter of Allen Cameron of Callart, kinsfolk namesakes and near neighbours, both belonging to two well-known cadet families of Lochiel. The Camerons of Callart are the first that

branched off from the main stem; the Camerons of Cuilchenna parted company with those of Callart at a slightly different period. Thus both families were descended from the same stock, their progenitor being John, the second son of "Allen of the Forays," twelfth chief of the clan, whose father was the famous Donald Dubh, "Black Donald."

This John Cameron must have lived at the end of the fifteenth century—that is about three hundred years, or roughly ten generations, before the time of our great-grandfather. He came of a race whose turbulence and violence had for centuries rendered them a perpetual menace to the peace of the Highlands of Scotland, "the fiercest of the fierce," to quote the words of an old writer. No special act of lawlessness is recorded of him, but his immediate ancestors carried out to the full the warlike traditions of their house, a long-standing feud with certain members of Clan Mackintosh over the possession of some lands furnishing them with an excuse for repeated raids. His father, "Allen of the Forays," is said to have boasted that he made thirty-two expeditions into his enemies' country, one for each year of his life and three more for the time when he was yet unborn! He met his fate at last while on his way into Mackintosh territory, being overpowered by superior numbers, a near neighbour he had apparently offended treacherously joining forces with his hereditary foes.

John Cameron's mother was Mariot, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Keppock, great-grandson of Robert II, King of Scotland, through his daughter, the Lady Margaret, who was the wife of John, first Lord of the Isles. Thus the old claim of the Cherry family to "Royal Stuart" blood appears to be doubly justified by fact!

In process of time the Camerons, to a great extent, gave up their private quarrels and became ardent Cavaliers and Jacobites, ever ready to brave the loss of lands or even of life itself in the Stuart cause. The 17th Chief, Sir Ewen, in the year 1652, joined the Earl of Glencairn, who had raised the Royal Standard in the Highlands and showed such distinguished gallantry in opposing Cromwell's troops that he was favoured by a letter from Charles II, then in exile at Chantilly, commending his "courage success and devotion to Us." Nearly forty years later he fought under "Bonnie Dundee" at Killiecrankie on behalf of James II. His son, Colonel John Cameron, remained faithful to the Stuart tradition and was attainted and driven into exile for the part he had taken in the rising of 1715.

Sir Ewen's grandson Donald, "the gentle Lochiel," was one of the seven chiefs who, in 1740, signed the "Bond of Association" for the restoration of the Chevalier St. George to the throne of Great Britain. He was too far-sighted to have any desire to take up arms in the "45," as he was aware that Prince Charles was too scantily provided with men, money, and munitions to offer an effective resistance to the Hanoverian troops, but he finally consented to do so against his better judgment, saying: "I will share the fate of my Prince." Had he held back it is doubtful if any other Highland chief would have declared for the "Young Pretender." He called on his followers to join him, and he and they did much to bring about the victory of Prestonpans. He was severely wounded at Culloden, was borne off the field by his clansmen and, after some miserable weeks in hiding, was sufficiently restored in health to escape to the Continent.

On his arrival in Brittany he received a warm welcome from Louis XV, together with an offer of a Colonelcy in a French regiment and a pension of 4,000 livres. Lochiel had no desire to accept anything for himself; his whole mind was set on his unhappy followers, and, in his reply to Louis, he strongly urged him to send an expedition to Scotland for the purpose of averting from those he had unwittingly misled the penalties that most certainly awaited them at the hands of their enemies, an expedition in which he was anxious to bear a prominent part. At the same time he wrote a pathetic letter to King James III, saying: "My only ambition was to serve the Crown, and save my country or perish with it. I hope your Majesty will approve of the resolution I have taken to share in the fate of the people I have undone, and if they must be sacrificed to die along with them. It is the only way I can free myself from the reproach of their blood."

All was in vain! His petition met with an unfavourable response from the French king, who, while gladly bestowing on him his commission and pension, declined to risk men and money on an enterprise of more than doubtful issue. For two years the "Gentle Lochiel" endured sorrow and exile and then died heartbroken. His brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, was betrayed and hanged in 1753, the last martyr of a lost cause.

It is of interest to know that the Camerons of Callart and Cuilchenna, with other of the "cadet" families of Lochiel, followed the banner of their chief under Montrose and Dundee, as well as in the "15" and the 45." In Mackenzie's *History of the Camerons* it is stated that " it is impossible now to trace some

of them genealogically, and none of them beyond the last Stuart rising in 1745-6."

It is strange that even before the extinction of the Royal Stuarts in the direct line Jacobitism had disappeared from the region of practical politics. This may best be realised from the fact that during the half-century that succeeded the "45" fifty battalions were raised in the Highlands to serve the Hanoverians more effectively than their fathers had served their rivals. This being the case, it is not wonderful that our great-grandfather, Sir John Cameron, felt no shame in entering the service of a king whom his ancestors would certainly have regarded as a usurper!

The territory belonging to the Camerons of Lochiel lay in "the Great Glen," that natural rift that cuts diagonally across Scotland from the North Sea to the West Coast, the chain of lochs and rivers that runs through the Glen now forming part of that great modern waterway—the Caledonian Canal. Achnacarry, the home of the "Gentle Lochiel," is situated near Loch Lochy, above Fort William. The castle was burnt down soon after Culloden, and but little remains of it. The present chief of the clan, Colonel Donald Walter Cameron, lives in the modern house on the estate.

Our ancestors settled further south. The future Sir John Cameron was born (A.D. 1773) at Cuilchenna near the village of Onich, Inverness-shire, below Fort William, on land that had been held by his forefathers for more than three hundred years. The house where he first saw the light was practically rebuilt half a century ago. Callart, the home of his wife's people, lies between Onich and Kinlochleven. According to family tradition he had three brothers, none of whom left descendants. The eldest entered the Royal Navy and died of small-pox, as a midshipman; the second, Ewen(?), served with the expedition to Copenhagen and was killed at the battle of the Coa; the third is said to have been murdered in the West Indies, a tragic record, partly of doubtful authenticity!

Sir John was educated at Eton, and in the year 1787 received his commission as Ensign in the 43rd regiment. In 1793 he went out to the West Indies with Sir Charles Grey, and was present at the capture of Martinique, St. Lucia and Guadeloupe, especially distinguishing himself at the storming of Fort Fleur d'Épée in the last-mentioned island, where he won his captaincy. The French, assisted by Negroes and Caribs, succeeded, in the following year, in reconquering St. Lucia and carried the British camp. In this engagement he was wounded,

captured and sent to France, where he spent two years in prison. At the end of this period he was exchanged and returned to the West Indies, remaining there until 1800, when he was promoted to the rank of Major and brought home his regiment.

Before John Cameron was called upon to go abroad again he was stationed in Guernsey. While there (1803), he married Amelia, daughter of Henry Brock, an elder sister of Susan Lacy.

The great adventure of his life was yet to come, and in 1808, after exchanging into the 9th Regiment, the "Fighting Ninth," he sailed for Portugal with the expedition conducted by Sir Arthur Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington). His brigade bore the brunt of the Battle of Roliça, and, the Colonel being killed, he succeeded to the command of the regiment. With it he served at the Battle of Vimeiro, the advance to Salamanca and the disastrous retreat to Corunna. He was also present at the Battle of Basaco, where he gained the commendation of Sir William Napier by the courage and judgment he displayed on this important occasion. He was wounded at San Sebastian and had his horse killed under him at the battle of the Nive. At the close of the Peninsular War he was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and, subsequently, on the extension of the Order of the Bath, became one of the first Knights Commander of the famous Order. He was appointed a Knight of the "Tower and Sword" of Portugal, and was presented with a gold cross and three clasps in commemoration of the six battles and the siege, at which he had maintained the honour of his regiment.

He served afterwards in Canada, and then in France, where he commanded a brigade in the army of occupation. He was advanced to the rank of Major-General in the year 1837.

On his retirement from active service our great-grandfather, like his brother-in-law, Colonel Joseph Dacre Lacy, settled in Guernsey. He is believed, in his declining years, to have been something of a martinet and it is reported that his wife, presumably by his own wish, always addressed him as "Sir John"! He died in 1844. There does not seem to be much to be said about "Grandmama Cameron," but it is evident that her grandchildren were deeply attached to her, and that such of them who were adventurous enough to brave the rigours of a Channel crossing always found a warm welcome awaiting them in the home in Guernsey.

Seven children were born to John and Amelia Cameron. The eldest son, James Saumarez, had but a brief course to run. He was a Captain in the Rifle Brigade, and had at one time

acted as A.D.C. to his father. A great athlete, he overstrained himself and, being overtaken by serious illness, went to Madeira in search of health, dying there of "consumption" in the March of 1834.

The second son, Duncan Alexander (born 1808, died 1880), entered the Army and joined the 42nd Royal Highlanders, commonly known as the "Black Watch" from the dark colour of their tartan, as Ensign in the year 1825. He became a Lieutenant in 1826, a Captain in 1833, Major in 1839 and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1843. He served with distinction in the Crimean campaign of 1854-5 and commanded his regiment at Alma and the Highland Brigade at Balaclava, taking part in the siege of Sebastopol and the assault on the Redan. He was mentioned in despatches, and, at the end of the war, received the Crimean Medal with three clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish Medals and the Order of the Medjidie, third class, and was created an Officer of the Legion of Honour. He was raised to the rank of Major-General in 1859.

In 1863 Duncan Cameron was sent out to New Zealand to command the Queen's troops against the Maoris. He brought the Taranaki campaign to a conclusion and then entered upon the Waikato campaign. After much tedious delay the actions of Rangiriri, Oraku and Rangiaholia broke the strength of the King tribes and placed the Colonial Government in possession of the territory, which it had been agreed should be confiscated as a punishment for the rising. Proceeding to Tauranga the General drove the insurgents out of that district, but not before his forces had received a severe repulse at the storming of the Gate Pah. A dispute then arose between him and the New Zealand Government with regard not only to the confiscation policy, which he thought should be limited in operation, but also as to the future conduct of the war, with the result that the British troops were withdrawn from New Zealand. His conduct was approved by the English War Office, and he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Bath, Military Division. Whatever view may be taken of the points at issue between him and the Colonial Government, it is certain that, during this campaign, Duncan Cameron maintained to the full the reputation for courage, initiative and humanity that he had borne in the Crimea.

From 1868 to 1875 he was Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. Among the cadets at the College during his time of office was the young Prince of Asturias, driven out of his native land by revolutionists, but shortly to ascend the

throne of Spain under the title of Alfonso XII. He was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath in 1873, and in 1875 was promoted to the rank of General in the Army.

In the year 1873 he married Louisa Flora, fourth daughter of Andrew Maclean, Deputy Inspector-General of the Royal Military College, but his married life was of short duration as she died two years later, leaving no children.

It was not until he was nearing the close of his life that we came into near contact with Duncan Cameron, who was doubly related to us, being our great-uncle on our mother's side and a cousin on that of our father; but in 1882 he joined his niece, Janet Cherry (wife of Hugh Leveson Gower), at Blackheath, and we saw him frequently.

The third son, Lieutenant-General John Cameron, C.B., F.R.S. (born 1822, died 1878), entered the Royal Engineers, and spent thirty-six years at Southampton engaged in the work of the Ordnance Survey. Before his death he had been appointed Director-General of the aforesaid Survey. In 1843, while only a Lieutenant, he married Matilda, daughter of T. D. White, believed to have been a doctor in the East India Company's Service, one of three sisters who were all wedded on the same day. Her death followed closely on his. They left behind them a family of eight, five sons and three daughters, of whom, with the exception of the eldest, John Duncan, I do not propose to speak in detail. The sons entered the Army, two of the daughters married.

John Duncan Cameron (born 1844, died 1928), of Low Wood, Bethersden, Kent, was educated at Southampton College and Woolwich Academy, and joined the Royal Artillery, but retired after six years' service, subsequently becoming a Captain in the West Kent Militia. He married twice, his first wife being Frances (born 1846, died 1871), daughter of the Rev. F. B. Wells, rector of Woodchurch, Kent, and sometime Private Secretary to Archbishop Howley (Cantuar), and secondly Emily Emma (born 1842, died 1915), youngest child of the Rev. R. P. Morrell, rector of Woodham Mortimer, Essex, and Mary Mount, daughter of Major George Brock of Guernsey, whose mother was Elizabeth Mount, a sister of John Charles Schrieber.

I may perhaps be allowed to add that I knew Mary Mount Morrell (died 1892) well when a girl, and stayed twice with her at her home at Witham in Essex, making acquaintance with her son (James) Henry; his second wife, Anne Carlyon; and her daughter, Mary. I have very pleasant memories of these visits.

John Duncan Cameron, like his father, had eight children. To his fourth son, James Saumarez, the eldest child of his second marriage, I am indebted for valuable information concerning the more recent members of our Cameron connection. He was born in 1874 and educated at Sutton Valence. He joined the Royal Sussex Regiment in 1895. He served in the 13th N.I. in South Africa, and with the second Battalion of his regiment in France. For his services he was awarded the D.S.O. and promoted to the rank of Bt.-Lieutenant-Colonel. In the year 1901 he married Gladys Isabel Bradford.

A fourth son of Sir John Cameron, Ewen by name, passed away early.

We come now to the daughters, Amelia Susanna Brock (Emily) (born 1804, died 1883), married John Charles (born 1782, died 1863), eldest son of William Schrieber of Hinchesley Lodge, Hants, Tewnis House, Herts, and Henhurst, Kent, by Mary, eldest daughter of James Sewell of Alton Hall, Suffolk. There were no children of the marriage. Marion married Frederick le Mesurier, and had one daughter, Emily Marion, who became first wife of John Henry Morrell, and died childless.

Our grandmother, Anne Alicia Cameron, was only seventeen at the time of her marriage. That she was a fair and beautiful woman is evident from a miniature painted of her by Sir William Ross. That she was possessed of a gracious and gentle personality is also certain from the affection she inspired in those who knew her best. Her married life appears to have been somewhat of a tragedy. She had eight sons and eight daughters, nearly all endowed with an unusual measure of good looks. Sir William Ross said that though he had seen handsomer individuals he had never seen a handsomer family. Unfortunately many of them were not strong; four of her children predeceased her and one cannot but believe that she must have suffered considerable anxiety about the health of those who survived. Apart from other causes this state of things may have been due to the fact that Burghfield Rectory was very damp, the water rising in the cellars whenever the Kennet was in flood. She passed away, poor soul, at the birth of her last child, in the year 1852, being in the forty-eighth year of her age.

Our grandfather remarried, his second wife being Emily, widow of Alexander Sutherland, a brother of Sir James Sutherland (died 1891). He himself died in 1864.

The record of a large family is seldom devoid of interest, and, thanks to a MS. lent by my late Aunt Alicia, I am in a position

to give more or less a brief account of the sixteen children of Henry Curtis and Anne Alicia Cherry. The eldest, Henry Cameron, died when only a few weeks old. The second, Henry Curtis (born 1824, died 1843), was, as we know from the Register of Elizabeth College, partly educated in Guernsey, doubtless by arrangement with his grandparents, Sir John and Lady Cameron. He entered the Royal Military College, Woolwich, with a view to a commission in the Army, was taken seriously ill while studying there, brought back to his home at Burghfield and "died from the effect of an injury while still a cadet."

The eldest daughter, Emily Alicia (born 1825, died 1868), married, when twenty-two years of age, a South American merchant, much older than herself, Horatio Bland. She and her husband lived first at Burghfield in a house called Culverlands, and then moved to Hartley Wintney in North Hants. Horatio Bland was a great traveller, and his wife often went abroad with him, the last journey they made together being to Palestine. While there she was taken ill with fever, and died at a place some miles from Jerusalem. Her husband, with the help of a friend, brought her body to the Holy City and laid it in the English cemetery. Subsequently he built a wall round the cemetery to preserve her resting place from molestation, a wall that, I believe, is still in existence. Later on he founded a school in Burghfield Parish to her memory. A portrait of Emily Bland by a well-known artist in Rome represents her as dark-eyed and of olive complexion, a handsome woman of the Cherry type of good looks. There were no children of the marriage.

The three members of the family of whom I have already written were born at Horringer in Suffolk, but my mother, Anne Jemima Cherry, who came next in order, first saw the light of day at Chiswick, Middlesex, on 27th April, 1827. When but a few weeks old she came to Burghfield Rectory, the house that was to be her home until the time of her marriage. She and the sisters nearest to her in age received their education at the hands of a succession of governesses. After they were "introduced into society," as the phrase then went, they not only shared in the gaieties of the countryside but also saw something of the season in London, through the kindness of "Grandmama Cherry," otherwise "Aunt John," who lived in a house in Montague Square, and who loved to entertain her young relatives.

The one outstanding event of my mother's maiden days was

the visit she paid to Italy in the company of her sister, Emily, and her brother-in-law, Horatio Bland. She had been very much troubled with rheumatism and it was thought that a winter out of England would help her to get rid of this painful complaint. The party started for the Continent in the autumn of 1851. Travel abroad, even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, was something of an ordeal, and we know from a journal faithfully kept by my mother that she, who was at the time in poor health, had much to bear in the way of fatigue and discomfort. The rooms occupied by the party in the famous Hôtel Meurice in Paris were only heated by wood fires, producing more smoke than warmth, and the food, once Paris was left behind, seemed unpalatable to English tastes, the bread, for example, being generally sour!

The first part of the route the travellers pursued was practically identical with that of my sister Emily and myself seventy-five years later, but how different were their experiences to ours! In our case a train journey of a few hours brought us straight from Paris to Avignon. In their case, as the railways did not then extend into Southern France, the more usual means of transit was either by boat or carriage, a state of things necessitating many changes and frequent delays.

After leaving the city of the schismatic Popes, the trio were twice brought to a standstill by an incident that must have added a spice of danger to their somewhat wearisome journey. Their carriage was surrounded by a crowd of armed peasants, urged into revolt by the political movement known as the "Coup d'Etat," who sought to stop their progress. The second of these occasions took place in a small town called Bugnolly, and was the more alarming as it occurred late at night. My mother remarks that the bayonets borne by the rioters "shone brightly in the moonlight and looked formidable," but the driver of the carriage proved equal to the emergency and, after an examination of passports, they were allowed to proceed to their hotel.

Arrived in Italy they visited Genoa, Pisa, Florence and Naples, and then turned back to Rome, their ultimate destination. Here they found pleasant quarters, and once rested started on a course of sightseeing, fully described in my mother's journal. On 23rd February the journal ends abruptly, terrible news having reached them; not only the death of Anne Alicia Cherry in childbirth, but also that of her youngest son Cameron, the dowager baby. They left Rome as quickly as possible and hurried back to England.

On 7th January, 1862, my father and mother were married by licence at Burghfield Church by the Rev. John W. Routh, Rector of Tylehurst, Berks, the witnesses of the marriage being my mother's uncle, John Cameron (Lieutenant-Colonel, R.E.), and her brother and sister, Charles and Marion Cherry. The bride and bridegroom were "first cousins, once removed," as the grandmother of the former was Amelia Cameron, the mother of the latter Susan Lacy, the daughters of Henry Brock of Guernsey. In the register of marriages my father is described as a "Commander in her Majesty's Navy," and his "residence" is given as St. Anne's Parish, Limehouse, he being at the time Captain of H.M.S. *President*, moored in the Thames. The honeymoon was spent at Norwood, so that he might not be far from his work.

Soon after the marriage my father was appointed to H.M.S. *Himalaya*, on trooping service, and was frequently abroad, his wife joining him whenever he returned to England. As I have already told the story of our life as a family from my earliest recollections, it would be superfluous to recapitulate what I have already said about my parents, and so I return to the history of my mother's brothers and sisters.

The third daughter, Ellen, was the first child born at Burghfield (1828). In the year 1853 she married Thomas McLean Farmer, who was partly of German descent on the maternal side, and who died in 1896. During the latter part of her married life and after her widowhood she lived in different places in Sussex, dying at Worthing in 1905. There were two children of the marriage. The elder, Ella, so called I believe because she was born on Ash Wednesday—"Cinderella"!—became the wife (1885) of the Rev. Charles Connybeare, the Rector of Itchenstoke, in the diocese of Winchester. They had two daughters, one of whom married. He passed away very suddenly. She, though already in bad health, survived him until 1932. The second child of Ellen and Thomas Farmer, Anne Alicia by name (died 1931), remained with her mother until her death and then made her home with her aunt, Alicia Cherry, in the beautiful village of Henfield, where they did much good work in the parish. In early life she wrote some pleasant short stories about the rural Sussex she knew intimately and loved so well.

The fourth daughter, Janet Elizabeth, born in 1831, went out to New Zealand with her uncle, Duncan Cameron, when he was appointed to the command of the Queen's troops against the Maoris. While there she married Hugh Broke

Boscowen (born 1836), second son of John Henry Leveson Gower of Bill Hill, Berks, a member of a branch of the Sutherland family. He was in the 85th Regiment and retired as a Captain. After their return to England they lived with Sir Duncan Cameron at Sandhurst until the time of his marriage, when they rented a farm at Shiplake-on-Thames. In 1882 they settled at Blackheath in a house only a stone's throw from our own, Uncle Duncan, then a widower, making his home with them. Hugh Leveson Gower died in 1890, and shortly afterwards my aunt and cousins left Blackheath and lived first at Epsom and then at Reading. She passed away, after a long and trying illness, in the year 1904, greatly missed and mourned.

They had a family of five, two sons and three daughters. Both their sons entered the Army. The eldest, Charles Cameron was formerly a Major in the Indian Cavalry, and then a Colonel in the Royal Field Artillery (Territorial Force), and during the Great War served in France. In the year 1916 he received the C.M.G., and in 1919 the O.B.E. He married (1892) Beatrice, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Francis Makins, and has two children, Janet and Harold. The latter (born 1905) is at present in the 7th Hussars. In 1930 he married Kathleen May, second daughter of Sir Murrough Wilson, K.B.E., and a son and daughter have been born to them, Anastasia (1931) and Charles Murrough (1932).

The youngest son of Hugh and Janet Leveson Gower, Phillip by name, was in the Notts and Derbyshire Regiment. He was appointed Brigade Commander in 1915, and Hon. Brigade General in 1919. He served with the Expedition on the North-Western Frontier of India 1897-9, obtaining the Medal and two Clasps, and in the South African War, 1899-1901. From 1914 he served in France during the Great War, being wounded. He was mentioned in despatches and received the D.S.O. in 1917, and the C.M.G. in 1918, and also the Belgian Croix de Guerre. His wife is Eleanor Marcia (Norah) whom he married in 1899, and they have two children, Hugh Nugent (born 1900) and Elizabeth Ellen (Betty). Hugh Nugent Leveson Gower, late a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, was, at the close of the Great War, in Constantinople as Military Secretary to General Sir Charles Harrington, then in charge of the Allied Forces there. By him he was entrusted with the task of rescuing the last of the Turkish Sultans from the danger of assassination. Early one morning he appeared at the back door of the Sultan's Palace and escorted him to a

van, disguised as a Red Cross lorry, in which vehicle the terrified ruler was driven through the city, reaching a British battleship in safety. His marriage to Averil Joy, daughter of Sir John and Lady Mullens, formerly wife of Prince Ineretinsky, took place in a London register office in the year 1934. They have a daughter born in 1935.

The daughters of the elder Hugh Leveson Gower and Janet (Cherry) are Edith, Mabel and Mary Gertrude (Dolly)—the last-named married Robert Henry Whitworth, a lawyer by profession, in 1909. Their only child, Gerald, educated at Charterhouse, is destined for the Army.

There is little to be said about the three members of the Cherry family whose births followed closely on that of Aunt Janet. The eldest, Catherine Jane (born 1832), died of typhoid fever in Guernsey while visiting "Grandmama Cameron" when only fourteen years of age. The next, John Hector (born 1834), lived to manhood and went abroad, returning to England in very bad health. My mother was helping to nurse him until the time of her marriage. He passed away on 21st January, 1862, a fortnight after her wedding. A stained glass window, put up to his memory in Burghfield Church, was removed, I believe illegally, by a late Rector. George Cameron (born 1836) died 1848 at Weybridge, Surrey, at the school where he was being educated.

The sixth daughter, Marion by name (born 1838), became, in the year 1870, the third wife of John Henry Nott, then Adjutant to the 1st Tower Hamlets (King's Own Light Infantry) Militia. Major Nott had previously been in the Regular Army, having, in 1851, received a commission as Ensign in the 25th Regiment of Foot and that of Lieutenant a few months later. While serving in Canada in 1856, the Governor-General in Council, writing from Fort William, expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which Captain Beardmore, Lieutenant Nott and the forces under them had dealt with Kareen disturbances in the Younzalien district. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in 1861, and exchanged into the 1st Regiment of Foot, and afterwards into the 11th.

The early part of Marion Nott's married life was passed at Dalston, in a comfortable house overlooking the militia parade ground, but situated in a peculiarly dreary part of London. When her husband's appointment came to an end they moved to Stanmore, near Harrow, at that time a small country place, hardly more than a village. She died in the year 1889; he followed her ten years later, after a long period of invalidism.

They left behind them six children, all, with the exception of the youngest, born at Dalston. Of these the eldest, Frank, has spent most of his life in the service of the British Linen Company's Bank. In the year 1909 he married Anne Cheesman. They have one son, Michael (born 1916), who, at the present time, is at King's College, London, with a view to taking Holy Orders. Marion Helen, a devoted friend and cousin of my own, passed away in 1929. The third child, Harry, was in business in the City. He married and died (1922) leaving two sons, one of whom has since died from the result of an accident (1935). Two daughters, Maude Isabel and Elsie, came next. Saumarez Ewen, born at Willesden (1895), was killed in the Great War.

Charles Edward Le Mesurier Cherry (born 1839) was educated at Marlborough and entered the Army, being appointed to a commission as Ensign in the 32nd Regiment of Foot in the year 1858. Two years later he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and in 1866 to that of Captain. In 1878 he went to South Africa, and saw active service during the Zulu Campaign of 1879, commanding the 3rd and afterwards the 1st Battalion of the Natal Native Contingent. He was sent to Kranscop, about sixty-three miles from Maritzburg, where his first duty was to superintend the construction of a strong earthwork fort, "Fort Cherry," which when completed became a valuable link between Fort Pearson and Helpmaaker. A newspaper correspondent, speaking of the difficulty of holding the position, says: "They (the garrison) are fortunate in having an excellent commander in Captain Cherry, after whom the fort is named, who has gained the respect and admiration of all under him." He was mentioned in despatches, and at the close of the war received the Medal with Clasp. He became in 1881 a Major in his old regiment, now the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

Uncle Charlie, as we called him, spent the next four years chiefly in South Africa, but his health was bad, and he was obliged at intervals to apply for sick leave and return to England. In 1884 he came back for the last time and, his health having improved, he was seconded from his regiment, and a few months later, after having been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, accepted an appointment in the Egyptian Army and went to Suakin, where he died suddenly of heat apoplexy in the year 1886, a few weeks before the passing away of my father. His death came as a great blow to my mother and to us all. We had known him as children, for he

had been quartered in Edinburgh at the time we were living at Greenock, and during the early years of our life at Blackheath he frequently came to see us. He never married.

The next son of Henry Curtis Cherry, James Frederick (born 1841), passed into the English Civil Service and for several years held an appointment as Clerk and Librarian at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, only about a mile from where we lived at Blackheath. In the year 1871 he married Emily Louisa, a daughter of Martin Edward Haworth-Leslie, a man remarkable for his varied activities. He entered the Army, was gazetted to the 60th Rifles and retired with the rank of Captain. Afterwards he acted as "King's Messenger," and from 1859 to 1872 was a member of that mysterious Corps that bear the badge of the silver greyhound as their mark of office and are required to be "silent in five languages." He was also a great rider and a famous M.F.H. At some period of his career he occupied himself with the provision of a private zoo for the then Sultan of Turkey! The mother of Emily Louisa Cherry was Mary Elizabeth, eighteenth Countess of Rothes. James Frederick Cherry died (1884) at Blackheath and was buried at Charlton cemetery. His wife survived him for fifty-three years. As an instance of her extraordinary vitality it may be mentioned that she learnt to drive a motor-car through the London traffic at the comparatively advanced age of eighty-four! They had three children, a son and two daughters. Charles Cherry, the younger, became an actor and followed out his profession chiefly in America. He passed away very suddenly in 1931. He married, but had no children. With him the Cherrys of Burghfield became extinct, as far as the male line was concerned, a striking example of the truth of the old saying that "a family tends to die out with a number of sons." Miriam married a doctor, a widower, Owen Taylor by name. Gladys was on board the *Titanic* on her last and fatal voyage, and had the good fortune to be among the passengers who were saved. She married Major George Pringle.

The thirteenth child, Francis William (born 1844), went out to Australia early in life, and never returned to England. He died at Adelaide in the year 1893.

Isabel Locke Cherry (born 1846) lived with her sister, Marion Nott, both before and after her marriage. After the death of the latter she devoted herself to her children and was indeed a mother to them. For several years she and her nieces led a wandering life, and then they settled down in Surrey, first at Merstham and then at Redhill. As was the case with

many members of the Cherry family she had a passion for flowers, and was a clever and successful gardener. She died in the year 1928.

The next son, Cameron (born 1848), had but a short span of life granted him, for he passed away when only four years of age, three days after his mother, and was buried with her in the family vault in Burghfield churchyard.

Alicia (born 1852), so named after the mother she never knew, lived with her elder sister, Ellen Farmer, until her death, and then with her daughter, Annie, as I have already said, in a little house at Henfield, Sussex. The youngest of the family, she was for several years the sole survivor. She died after a long period of invalidism, on 28th January, 1936.

Before concluding this little history, I should like to say something concerning our grandfather's uncle, Peter, fifth son of the George Frederick Cherry (whose tragic death at the hand of an assassin at Benares has been already related), and his descendants, some of the latter being personally known to me. He was born in 1773, and joined the Madras Civil Service when only sixteen years of age. After his arrival in India he held certain minor appointments in the Revenue Department of the Service, and then, in 1797, was attached as Paymaster to the force the Government was sending to Hyderabad, for the purpose of securing the dismissal of the French officers, who were in command of the Army of the Nizam of that state. This affair being peacefully settled, to the satisfaction both of the Governor-General of the Province and the Nizam, Peter Cherry accompanied the expedition sent to oppose Tipoo Sahib, who was heading a revolt against British rule with a view to recovering the territory he had lost by his misconduct six years earlier. In his capacity as Paymaster he was present at the engagement at Mallavelli, where Tipoo Sahib was defeated, and at the capture of the Fort of Seringapatam, where he was killed. Although not in the fighting line, he was awarded the Medal of the expedition, and as soon as his accounts were closed was given the post of Collector of Vizagapatam, being then but twenty-seven years of age. In 1803 he was transferred to the Judical Department of the Service, and then acted as Judge, first at Ganjam, and then at Combaconum.

In 1807 Peter Cherry came to England on leave, with the intention of relinquishing his work in India and settling down as a country gentleman. With this end in view he bought a small property on the Portsmouth Road, near Portsdown Hill,

and called it Cherry Grove. His stay in his new home was not, however, of long duration, for trouble of a domestic nature almost immediately arose, which eventually caused him to give up his cherished idea. Six years before his arrival in his native land he had married Mary, daughter of Colonel Robson, Lieutenant-Governor of St. Helena from 1789 to 1805. No record remains of any disagreement between him and his wife, as long as they remained in India, but once in England there were frequent quarrels, brought about, it is believed, by her violent temper and extravagance. By the spring of 1811 things had come to such a pass that a permanent separation was arranged between the ill-matched pair, Peter Cherry providing for his wife's future by vesting the sum of £10,000 for her benefit in the hands of trustees.

Under these circumstances he decided to sell Cherry Grove and return to India. At this time he was the father of four children, Susannah Mary (born 1802), Rosanna Curtis (born 1803), Georgina (born 1805), and Peter Thomas (born 1809), for whom some arrangement had to be made before he was at liberty to carry out his purpose. This was happily accomplished, the daughters being placed in the care of their aunt, Mrs. Gosling, and the son, then only two years of age, being adopted by another aunt, Mrs. Sawbridge. When he reached Madras he was for a time made Presidency Paymaster, but in 1815 he was restored to the Judicial Department and appointed third Judge of the Northern Division of the Provincial Courts, and in 1821 was promoted to be senior Judge of the Central Division.

Peter Cherry never returned to England, but although absence abroad compelled him to depute to others the care of his girls, at the most impressionable period of their lives, it is certain that he was an affectionate father, keenly interested in all that concerned their welfare. Certain of his letters to them have survived and are doubly valuable, for not only do they serve to convince us of this fact but they also show how far away was Asia from Europe little more than a hundred years ago, a distance that we who live in an age when the airy boast of Puck—"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes"—seems in process of realisation, find it hard to understand. Writing to his eldest daughter in the May of 1816, he tells her that he had just received an answer to some letters sent by him to a correspondent in the neighbourhood of London early in the previous September, "only eight months doing that great distance!"

The years passed on, the three daughters were educated "at

the Misses Attwoods' establishment for young ladies at Hammersmith" and by the spring of 1821 their father considered them old enough to join him at Madras. A long memorandum sent by him to his girls before they left England has come down to us. It was drawn up with a view to ensuring their comfort on board ship, and also for the purpose of instructing them as to their behaviour during the voyage. He begins by saying that they would be given "half the round house of a regular Indiaman," and that in it they would find ample space for their piano and harp. This was certainly desirable, for he evidently expected his daughters to spend the greater part of their waking, as well as their sleeping hours there and employ themselves much as they would have done on land.

A somewhat formidable list of "don'ts" follows. They were enjoined not to play cards or backgammon, and on no account to dance. They were never to visit or receive visitors, except in the company of the lady in whose charge they would be placed, nor go out to supper, nor walk on the poop. Exercise on deck was not altogether forbidden, but their father was not in favour of much relaxation of that kind, more especially after dinner, as by that time, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the younger men were often "in a state to unfit them for the chaste conversation of ladies"! They must have found the two principal meals of the day, which they were permitted to share with their fellow-travellers, a welcome break in a monotonous existence. Finally they were advised not to land at possible ports of call, but to remain on the vessel until they reached their destination. In spite of these restrictions it is recorded that they had "a very pleasant passage." Perhaps their duenna took it upon herself to modify the rules and regulations of Peter Cherry a little!

In due course of time (20th June, 1821), the good ship *General Harris* arrived at Madras, and the girls were reunited to their father. They did not remain long under his care, as Susan was married to James Minchin of the Supreme Court of Madras on the 18th of October following. Georgina married Captain Chase, A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras, on 19th January, 1822. The third daughter, Rosanna, remained with him for more than a year, and then married John Carnac Morris of the Madras Civil Service.

Having thus seen his daughters "happily settled," Peter Cherry, whose long residence in India made a change desirable, took furlough to the Cape, where he was killed in a carriage accident (1823).

Rosanna Curtis Morris was a familiar figure to my sisters and myself, as, during our girlhood, she lived with her son, Henry, in a house in St. John's Park, exactly opposite to our first home at Blackheath. We always called her "the old lady," to distinguish her from her daughter-in-law, and very old she appeared to us to be, though she had the remains of good looks, and her hair was dark and abundant. The greater part of her married life had been spent in India. After the retirement of her husband from active work he lost money in an unfortunate speculation and sought refuge in Jersey, where living was cheap, with a view to economy. He died at St. Heliers in that Island, in 1858. She survived him for about twenty years.

They had fifteen children, three of whom died young. Their eldest son, John (born 1826, died 1893), joined the Church of Rome, and as "Father Morris, S.J.," had a distinguished career. I believe he was for some years Secretary to Cardinal Manning. "Henry," who was our near neighbour at Blackheath, was the second son. He followed in the footsteps of so many of his forefathers and joined the Madras Civil Service. One of his sons, Dr. John Edward Morris, a master in Bedford Grammar School, made a name for himself as a specialist in the history of the Middle Ages.

THE END